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WINE SONG OF THE PRINTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THEO. F. HAVENS.

Stirs the red wave in the bowl;
Floats the fragrant lemon rind;
See the ruby billows roll;
Let us drink till we are blind!

Ladle out the regal flood
Into goblets tall and grand;
We are quaffing royal blood;
We are monarchs in the land.

Make the generous glasses clang,
Regulars, subs and tramps as well;
Let the stick and types go hang;
Did the foreman go to hell?

Let the merchant mourn his ads,
And the financier his stocks;
Let the milliner miss her pads,
And the jeweler his clocks.

Let the undertaker sigh
For his coffins and his hearse;
Let the puny poet cry
For his sentimental verse.

Let the "chief" his leaders write;
If "locals" scribble Horn, let 'em;
When their pen-cracks heave in sight,
We'll be d——d before we set 'em!

Banks may fail or merchants "bust,"
All the west burn if it chooses;
We through crystal rims will thrust
Upturned noses 'mongst the muses.

Fill again: refuse who dare!
We are happy now as gods!
Sorrow, trouble, loss and care,
Fl them all, and damn the odds!

Jolly god was old Silenus,
All a printer's fancy paints:
Here's to him and old Gamborinus—
We elect them patron saints.

One man fallen? Drop a tear;
Pledge his memory in wine;
Never half so sweet a bier
Did no death in wave of vine!

Revolutions? What care we?
Sceptres falling? What of that?
Wales is dying? Who is he?
Duke Alexis? Isn't fat.

Let the pleasure onward speed;
Brief the night, and time is long.
'Tis not labor now we need.
Fill the hours with jest and song!

Ah! but here are heaps of slain
For the wretched dawn to find!
Give the bowl a parting drain;
We have drunk till we are blind!

DARCY'S CHILD;

OR,

THE DUKE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SYBIL'S INHERITANCE," "EVELYN'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER XXV.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, filled with hope, men favor the deceit.
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's farther than the former day.

"Geraldine, do not leave me, dearest child. I am so frightened and so helpless. That dreadful journey has well nigh killed me." murmured Viola, Lady Darcy, on the afternoon but one after the memorable night from the physician's house.

"Dearest Lady Darcy, I promise you I will not delay; but it is necessary, indeed it is, that I should make an immediate effort to gain something to maintain us. Your money will soon be exhausted, then what would become of you, suffering as you are?" replied Rosalind, soothingly, and adjusting as she spoke the pillows under the invalid's head with the skilfulness of a professed nurse.

"But who will stay with me? What shall I do? I might die while you are away," repeated the invalid, fretfully.

"There is no fear—none," returned the girl, with a half-despairing sigh. "But I dare say the nice girl I saw when we first came into the apartments will stay with you, if you like, until I return. Shall I send her to you?"

"No, no; I cannot have any one but you," murmured the invalid, fretfully. "Tell me, where are you going, in case I want you? Give me the bell rope, that I may ring if I need anything," she continued, stretching out her hand.

"I shall wait on the Countess Vestade, in the first place," replied Rosalind, bending tenderly over the patient. "She knew me once, and will, perhaps, give me an introduction to some employment. We will manage well then, will we not, dear Lady Darcy?" she added, fondly pressing her lips on the faded cheek.

"But I must go to England, indeed I must," continued the sufferer, with the wandering anxiety of ill health. "You promise me that, Rosalind?"

"As soon as it is safe. I promise you that, my dearest——"

"Mother—call me mother!" interrupted the invalid. "I can believe you then for you are the only one who loves me. Still, you are not so like me as you were, and perhaps it is better so," she added, sighing, sinking back on her pillow in a kind of exhausted slumber.

Rosalind hastily dressed herself for her expedition without further hesitation, and left the house. It was a rash step, perhaps, to make herself known to the countess, but she was shrewd enough to comprehend the jealous pique which had ever existed between the English ambassadress and the Belgian belle. She believed that jealousy might effectually serve her in her present purpose.

"Is the Countess Vestade at home and disengaged?" she inquired of the porter.

The man, who had well remembered, on more than one occasion, having seen the young girl as an honored and feted visitor at the house, at once replied in the affirmative.

"Let me call a servant, mademoiselle," he said, respectfully, "and he will conduct you to the boudoir of *madame la comtesse.*"

It was by no means the visiting time in Belgian etiquette, and Rosalind felt some misgiving in obeying the proffered invitation.

"*Mademoiselle Tyrell est arrivee, madame la comtesse,*" was the announcement as the servant opened the door. In another instant the girl was in the presence of the fair hostess herself and the Prince of Monaco. For an instant she recoiled. Then her proud self-reliance came to her aid, and she acknowledged the surprised and deferential bow of the royal personage with a calm and graceful courtesy.

"Ha! Miss Tyrell. This is an unexpected compliment," said the countess, rising kindly to greet her young guest. "Have you brought me some communication from the ambassadress?" she added, marking the girl's deep flush, "may I take the visit to myself alone?"

"I am afraid neither supposition can be answered in the affirmative," answered Rosalind, with proud candor. "I came on my own insignificant business, to ask a favor; but I will defer it till you are disengaged," she added, involuntarily glancing at the prince.

"I will certainly give you the opportunity at once, if my presence is an obstacle," said the prince, rising. "I am certain Miss Tyrell is not one to make any frivolous or unnecessary requests."

"Indeed, I begin to feel I am doing so," responded the girl, with an exquisite blush, which the prince inwardly voted to be almost divine and the countess was rather uneasily constrained to admire. "My errand is too simple to induce any such inconvenience to your highness. It was simply to inquire whether the Countess Vestade could give, or, rather, tell me how to obtain some employment as a music teacher or performer."

The prince gazed in astonishment, which his utmost good breeding could not conceal. The Countess Vestade shrugged her shoulders in some impatience.

"My dear Miss Tyrell, I am the very worst person in the world to apply to in such an emergency, for in the first place I have no children to be taught, and I am a great deal too idle to patronize any one. Certainly, if you choose to call on my lawyer, I would be happy to employ you so far, and pay you properly; only I should think it would be rather awkward on Lady Greville's account, especially just now."

Rosalind bowed coldly.

"I fear I should scarcely find that kind of employment sufficient to maintain myself and those depending on me," she replied. "I regret that I should have troubled *madame la comtesse* needlessly."

With a graceful but unconsciously haughty reverence Rosalind left the room ere there was time to arrest her departure.

"On my honor, that is a most remarkable occurrence," said the countess, with another impatient shrug. "Why, the girl must have been turned out of doors by Lady Greville, as I expected she would be. I heard some whisper of the kind, but Los Grevilles have not yet come back; and I did hear that Sir Henry was not at all out of danger, even yet."

"Why should this splendid girl be banished from her asylum?" asked the prince, who had not resumed the seat which he had relinquished.

"My dear prince, how am I to answer such a question?" taunted the countess. "Perhaps she is too splendid for Sir Henry's peace and his wife's approval, or perhaps she is disposed to try her powers on 'wider fields and higher game.' Who can tell?"

"Well, of course it does not concern either of us, belle comtesse," he replied, approaching her *fauteuil*, hat in hand. "I must really tear myself from your fascinating society. *Adieu.*"

Before the lady could even extend her hand to the bell-rope, the prince had hurried from the room. She sank back with a scornful smile.

"I comprehend you perfectly, *mon prince*," she said to herself—"fully, and it will not be forgotten when the suitable time may come."

Rosalind Tyrell had hurried along in the irregular step of agitation and wounded pride, till she reached the end of the street, scarcely comprehending the road she was taking. When she at length reached the corner, she suddenly paused, to consider the next direction she must pursue to return to her home. A minute's reflection proved to her that she had taken the wrong turning in her annoyance, and, with a gesture of vexation at her own folly, she was just about to retrace her steps, when the prince's voice startled her so suddenly that, in her hurried recoil, she would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms.

"Pardon me for having thus surprised you," he said, respectfully releasing her; "but it was anxious to overtake you and make up for my stupidity at the moment of your departure from the Countess Vestade's. Might I hope that you will accept my apology and tardy service, mademoiselle?"

"It is perfectly unnecessary, your highness," she returned. "I could not dream of troubling you on my insignificant affairs."

"But I am impertinent enough to insist on pressing my request," he returned, smiling. "Mademoiselle, I have, as you know, had the delight of hearing your voice. I comprehend your powers, and if you will give me the permission, I will secure you an engagement with the manager of the Grand Opera at Paris, who happens to be in this city. I believe I have influence enough to procure the appointment for you, and your own talents will do the rest."

The girl shook her head doubtfully.

"I do not fear, except for my own capabilities," she replied. "I dare not plunge at once into such a formidable ordeal."

"But even were it so formidable, which in your case I do not admit," returned the prince, "there is still a way of getting out of the difficulty. The manager intends to give a few performances in some of the leading towns, and that would be a favorable way of breaking your introduction to the stage. Will not this tempt you?"

The girl looked up through blinding tears. The kindness opened the sluices of emotion, where harsh coldness would have failed.

"Your highness is too good," she said, almost inaudibly. "I cannot refuse such kindness. I will try not to be unworthy of it."

"Then it is settled," he said, playfully raising her hand to his lips. "May I send this formidable official to your residence? Or," he added, quickly, detecting her pained flush, "perhaps, if I give you his address and a few lines from myself it will be more expeditious and pleasant. I shall have the honor of placing you in a carriage for that purpose. You must not walk alone—indeed you must not—if you would avoid insult."

He tore a leaf from his tablets as he spoke, and, writing a few rapid words on it, he enclosed it in a small case and handed it to her.

"I shall give the address to the coachman," he said, himself beckoning a vehicle to the spot. "I do not doubt the result of the interview."

It was like a special interposition of Providence to the helpless girl, and she did not hesitate to obey the gentle impulse of her companion towards the carriage.

"I shall see you again. Would that our destinies were nearer together," he murmured, as he turned away, and the driver, animated by a double fee, drove off at a rapid pace to his destination.

Two hours later Rosalind returned to her new lodgings as an accepted *debutante* in the company of the Paris manager, and with a thick roll of music in her hand, to be studied for an approaching performance in Brussels. She was weary and faint with the ordeal she had undergone, and the excitement of an examination by such critical and fastidious ears.

"How is the lady?" she asked of the smiling young girl who met her on the stairs, as she slowly ascended them to the *troisieme*, in which their rooms were situated.

"Oh, she is asleep, and has been so quiet, mademoiselle," was the reply. Even the gentleman did not wake her when he went in."

"What gentleman?" exclaimed Rosalind, fearfully. "Why did you let any one enter in my absence?" "It was very wrong, indeed it was," she added, impatiently.

"But he said he saw you go out, and that he would wait for you, mademoiselle," pleaded the girl; "and as he told me he was an old friend from England I did not like to refuse him." A vivid color flushed the girl's cheeks.

Was it Lord Dudley? Was it Clinton St. Maur? Or, wildest conjecture of all, could it be her own dear father at length returned, to justify her fainting but still cherished hopes?

She supported herself for a few seconds by the banister rail ere she dare go farther. Her heart beat so fearfully against her bosom that she feared another step would send her senseless and breathless down the stairs. But with a strong and self-reproachful effort, she stilled the tumult, and calmly prepared to encounter the new agitation which might be in store for her. All was silent as she came to the door of the small *suite* of apartments she had secured. She paused, with her hand on the lock; then, softly turning the key, so as to prevent the noise waking the invalid, she entered the room. There was a figure sitting in the outer saloon, with its back to the door, apparently in too deep thought even to perceive her entrance, and, as it seemed, intent on watching the half-opened apartment within, in which Lady Darcy was reclining on a partly exposed couch.

Rosalind's eyes were almost too mystified to judge of the identity of the figure, but the dark hair proved that it could not belong to her time-worn father, or to the flaxen head of Clinton St. Maur. Another moment and the figure turned, exposing the haggard features of Eustace Downes. It was an abrupt shock for the already exhausted girl—so abrupt, indeed, that, as her eyes met the unexpected apparition, she fairly staggered back, and would have fallen, save for the friendly support of the wall. But the next instant the pained, subdued expression of the unhappy man, reproved the idle terror that his presence naturally inspired.

"What brings you here?" she said, gently, as his eyes lowered before hers. "I need no farther pain than I have had to suffer already."

"Rosalind!—Rosalind—do not reproach me like that; I cannot endure it!" he cried, passionately. "I know that I am hateful to you, but—oh, if you could but guess what fortunes I have borne since we last met, you would pity if you could not forgive me for my crime!"

"Your crime!" she repeated, fearfully. "Eustace, is it really so? Did you—did you do the deed?"

"No—no—no!" he gasped, eagerly. "I did not—as there is a heaven above us! I did not cause his death, save by, in a measure, inducing him to go to the spot where he must have met with his fate. And listen, Rosalind—I do not even now believe that he is dead! Look here. The only fruit of the long and weary search I have had for him is this, which I found some half-mile or so from the spot where the blood was discovered. Is it not likely that he was abducted after his wounds, and is still in concealment?"

Rosalind tremblingly took the object extended to her, which brought the quick tears to her eyes as she gazed on its familiar proportions. It was a silver huntsman's horn, beautifully carved and chased with figures of hounds and deer, and on the handle was a still more elaborate device, which had more than once attracted the girl's notice. She had questioned her father on one occasion as to its meaning, but the pained look and sharp but evasive reply it had brought warned her never to attempt such an inquiry again. There could be no doubt of its identity, and she felt as if a message from the grave had come to her—or else a blessed sign that he was yet in life. But, alas!—which was its true interpretation? Ere she could have time to ask any farther questions the faint voice of the invalid, calling piteously on her to come instantly, summoned her to the inner room. She hurried in, still grasping the precious horn, and, with the wayward curiosity of weak nerves and brain, Lady Darcy's attention was at once seized by it.

"What have you there, Geraldine? How did you get this?" she exclaimed, sharply, her features blanching to ashen white, while she grasped it so violently as to actually snatch it from the girl's hand.

"It has just been brought to me by an old friend," returned the girl, soothingly, terrified at her agitation.

"Child, I tell you it is stolen—stolen from your home! It is a Darcy's horn—the very image of one that hangs in the old hall at the Manor. Who brought it? I insist on knowing!" she added, fiercely.

"Dearest Lady Darcy—dear mother, if you will," said Rosalind, using, as a last resource, the name which the invalid's caprice preferred, "I assure you it is a mistake. I have seen that in my own dear father's hands since my childhood."

"Of course you have; of course," said the lady, pettishly. "Are you not the child of a Darcy? And look here, why, this is a grimin—the Darcy crest!" Again that strange coincidence between her father and the Darcys!

Rosalind's conviction that, in some strange way, her lost father was connected with the unhappy Marcus was continually growing in strength, and a dawning light—that in some measure explained much that had been a perplexity to her—began to burst upon her mind.

"Well, I will take care of it, and if it is missing when you return you can have it," said the girl, soothingly.

"Then you promise you will not let it go? For," she whispered, "who can tell what it may mean? It might help me in my proofs, you know."

Eustace Downes had advanced to the doorway of the apartment at the first exclamation which escaped the invalid, and when the last sentence was spoken he came still farther into the room.

"Lady Darcy," he said, with touching gentleness, "you seem ill and weak. This young lady has known me for a long time as an humble but devoted servant. Will you trust me with your commands as to this beautiful horn? Are you certain it is quite the same as the one at your home?"

There was something in the subdued tone and look of the unhappy young man which reassured the invalid.

Much to Rosalind's astonishment, she quietly obeyed, and examined the article with a keen and deliberate survey that was extended to every part.

"No," she said, at length. "No. There is one difference—only one. Yes—that is an 'M. D.' engraved under the crest. The one at the Manor has 'R. D.' It was the property of the eldest son, Sir Robert. This must have been the youngest's. Poor, poor Marcus Darcy! Young man, did you know him? Can you tell where he is? Is he in his grave?

"I know not; I never even heard of him," said the astonished Eustace; "but I do know the owner of that horn, Lady Darcy, and I shall never rest until I find him."

"Trust it to Heaven, then," she said. "If you do find him bring him here first, and do not tell any one, mind. He might be put in prison, you know. But hush—hush! Go away—go away! I must not tell; I must not tell!" she murmured, covering her face.

Rosalind signed to the young man to depart, while she soothed and caressed the weak woman, and administered some restoratives to revive her strength.

"Eustace, you must leave us now," she said, hastily returning to her strange guest. "You can do no good by remaining here—none. May Heaven help and bless you in your search. Oh, if it were possible!" she added, clasping her hands—"But no—I dare not hope it!"

"But will you be here? How can I find you?" he added, as he rose to obey her.

"How did you trace me here?" she asked, remembering for the first time the strangeness of his apparition.

"I heard of you from the Duke of St. Maur," he said, bitterly. "On the eve of his bridal day I crossed his path and bade him account for his conduct to you—ay, and he quailed under my scorn! Yes, Rosalind Tyrell, mean and guilty as I may seem in my own eyes, I felt a contemptuous pity for the blindness of his choice, when he could turn from you, the noble, the loyal, the pure child girl he has now for his wife. He sent me to your refuge; then, by a kind of instinct, I came hither, where you had fled, and, by a blessed chance, I saw you leaving this door. But tell me—how shall I have trace of you again?"

She thought for a moment—then writing, with shaking fingers, the name of the manager with whom she had just engaged, she placed it in his hand and motioned him from the room. She dared not risk his remaining longer, lest she might betray the sharp sorrow his words had called forth. She had known it and expected it, yet her heart sickened at the dull certainty of losing the only man whom she could ever love. He who had won the first and intense affection of her nature was the husband of another. It were crime to think of him now with woman's passionate tenderness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

No man has more contempt than I of death.
But whence hast thou the right to give me death?
I am as free as nature first made man.

Geraldine Darcy woke on her wedding morning with a distressing sense of weight and sadness at her heart—a dull oppression on her limbs that was quite foreign to the joyful day that should have awaited her.

"I am not well, I do think, Therese," she said to the maid who was waiting at her bedside. "I feel so strange and helpless! I cannot tell what is the matter with me!"

"Dear me, Miss Darcy, what an idea. I never did hear of such a thing as a young lady being ill on her wedding day. But perhaps you will be better when you get up, miss."

"I really do not believe I can, Therese," returned the girl. "My head is giddy, and I am shivering though I am hot. Go and tell papa, Therese."

"I will get you a cup of strong coffee, Miss Darcy, then you will perhaps get better. It's just agitation, that is all."

The woman set off without waiting for farther hesitation on her young lady's part. In about five minutes she reappeared, followed on this occasion by Lady Beatrice, with even more than her usual dignified stateliness of manner.

"What is all this, Geraldine?" she said, sharply. "Therese tells me you fancy yourself not well."

"It is no fancy, Lady Beatrice. I am quite ill, returned the poor girl, pleadingly. "Perhaps I have taken a bad cold; I do not know what is the matter with me."

"That is extremely probable," said Lady Beatrice, scornfully. "You are too much like your mother not to have all kinds of nervous fancies. However, I insist on your making an effort to get up at once. The Duke of St. Maur is not to be trifled with, foolish girl's pleasure, Therese, I desire that you will get your young lady's things ready and lose no time. Tee ceremony is to take place at eleven, and it is now quite half-past nine."

Poor Geraldine knew that there was no appeal, and she feebly raised herself on her pillow, and drank the warming cup that Therese had brought. It somewhat stimulated her drooping strength, and, after a few minutes' pause, she left her bed and submitted to the operations of Therese, with a half languid, half interested air in her young face. She could not be altogether insensible to the exquisite dress that was prepared for her bridal attire, or to the magnificent necklace of pearls that Clinton St. Maur had sent in for his bridal gift. Then to think that she was to be his—his for ever—freed from all the fear and trouble that had clouded her young life, and revel in it were in the sunshine of his love and tenderness—was so exquisite a happiness that of itself it was enough to send the blood more eagerly through her veins. But still that inexplicable sense of physical suffering dimmed all this brightness, and the poor girl vainly strove to shake off depression and suffering by those dressed thoughts. At length the long, wearisome toilet was complete. The thick fair hair was arrayed in large coils, over which the bridal veil was fixed with a splendid diamond fastening. The lace robe floated round her light figure airily, and only the pallor of her features detracted from her rare, youthful beauty, as she stood at the long mirror and half smiled at its reflection of her own image.

"Will you go to Sir Ralph, Miss Darcy? He is expecting you in his sitting-room," said the Abigail, when the last touches had been given to the attire.

"Geraldine," were still compromising that the "expecting" meant "commanding," decoily and fleshly obeyed. She walked with demy, trembling steps to the top of the wide staircase of the hotel Sir Ralph occupied, then with the help of the banisters, she began to descend. Her limbs were heavy and powerless as she dragged her feet along the stairs. Each moment her faintness grew more and more overpowering, and her head swam more drearily. But still the thought of Clinton gave her strength, and she made a desperate effort to reach the room where it might be that he was waiting for her. Ham in vain. Her feet just touched the bottom of the long flight when all seemed to reel round with her, her senses forsook her, and, with a faint cry, she sank on the stairs in a death-like swoon. The cry, the fall brought instant help to her side. Sir Ralph's slower pace was outstepped by the young bridegroom, who was only waiting the advent of the fair girl to repair before her to the large drawing room, which was fitted up as a temporary chapel. Geraldine was lifted in the arms of two who loved her, and carried back to the room which she had so lately left, while yet unconscious that Clinton was near her, or that his care would interpose between her and the sterner guardians who had watched her every movement from earliest childhood.

"Lay the foolish girl on the couch, Sir Maur," said Sir Ralph, angrily. "She will recover in a few minutes, I suppose. There is yet time for the ceremony, after a little interval."

"Pardon me, Sir Ralph, but I must urge on you the necessity of deferring it altogether till Miss Darcy is better," returned the duke, firmly. "This is no common fainting fit, and I most certainly would advise a doctor being sent for immediately."

"Pooh, pooh, I know her mother so well, and Geraldine is so like her," returned Sir Ralph. "It is just a nervous attack, that is all."

"In any case it is too serious to be trifled with, and I will go myself for a physician," said the duke, decidedly, turning to leave the room.

As the baronet made no opposition, he at once left the house and drove off at full speed for Doctor Cowan. It was with strange and mingled feelings that Clinton awaited the report of the physician, who had returned with him to Sir Ralph's hotel. It was too singular an interruption to the approaching ceremony not to appear ominous to a mind torn by contending passions. Clinton had nerved himself to perform his engagement; he had taught himself to believe the real object of his deep love unworthy in character as in station to be his wife. He had fixed his mind on the sweeter and more attractive features of Geraldine Darcy's temperament, and chided the perversity which could

"Prefer a raven to a dove."

Still the noble heroism and the brilliant talents of the obscure huntsman's daughter were so completely in unison with his own nature that the very sweetness and helpless gentleness of Sir Ralph's heiress became pallingly insipid in the comparison. Now, above all, the truth of his own feelings became painfully revealed to him. There was no agony such as should have torn the heart of an expectant bridegroom, no breathless terror when he heard Doctor Cowan's steps approaching the room, where he sat awaiting the medical fiat. It was rather as a dear young sister, as a sweet and fragile blossom, whose fate must interest every one who had seen its beauty, that he awaited anxiously the fate of Geraldine Darcy.

"I have not the most cheering news to give your grace," said the physician, as he entered the room with Sir Ralph. "Even if my best hopes as to Miss Darcy are realized I am certain that it will be several days before she will be at all fit to go through the ceremony which her illness has interrupted."

"What is the nature of the attack?" asked the duke, anxiously.

"It is difficult at present to say," replied Doctor Cowan. "I rather apprehend it arises from a severe cold or an over-excited state of the nervous system, and that Miss Darcy has scarcely been sufficiently careful of herself, considering her very delicate constitution."

"Is there danger?" asked the duke, hurriedly.

"At present I should say nothing imminent," said the doctor, "but it is impossible to predict what turn the attack may take. In twenty-four hours I can give a more decided opinion. I must leave you now, as I have several very urgent cases to attend to, and one which has been brought to me somewhat recently is of an extremely singular and interesting character, which occupies me very much, in a physiological point of view—quite a phenomenon, I might say."

The duke bowed assently. He certainly could not muster an interest for the "medical phenomenon" of the English physician when such personal interests were at stake. With a profound bow to the noble duke, and one nicely balanced in his respects to the baronet, Doctor Cowan departed. He drove to a lonely house, situated in a secluded part near the "Bois," and surrounded by a high fence which almost concealed it from observation. The coachman was evidently well acquainted with the peculiarities of the spot, for he just gave a kind of low, long note, which opened the gate and admitted the carriage into a somewhat dreary but spacious court yard. The doctor jumped hastily from the carriage.

"How is he to-day?" he asked quickly of a man who answered the clang of the old heavy gong and opened the door of the house.

"Much the same, perhaps a little easier. The nurse will know," returned the man; "go up stairs, doctor."

The physician obeyed and ran hastily up the stairs, and lightly tapping at the door, he opened the way into an inner apartment, where was a fire burning, and a woman sitting by the stove, with a packet of papers in her hand, which she hastily concealed as the physician appeared.

"Well, nurse, how is your patient?" he said, cheerily, though the subdued tones called to a sick-room.

"I hardly know, doctor," returned Marston, for it was that remarkable-looking individual who was the attendant of the patient. "I expected you before; it is past the hour for giving him his medicine, which you told me not to administer till you came."

"Yes, I was detained unexpectedly. I was called to a bride suddenly taken ill," replied Doctor Cowan.

"A bride! Who was she? Was it Geraldine Darcy, doctor?" asked the nurse, sharply.

"It was Sir Ralph's daughter, just going to be married to a noble Englisi duke," returned the physician. "A very sudden seizure it was, though I fancy it has been coming on for some time, and she was actually attacked on her bridal dress."

"But not married, doctor—not married?" exclaimed the woman.

"No—why should you be so anxious on that score? Do you know her?" asked Dr. Cowan, in surprise.

"Oh, I only thought it would be a terrible thing for her husband, that was all," she replied, carelessly. "I have heard even of poisons being given by jealous rivals, but of course there can be nothing of that kind in this case."

"No, certainly not, only a very great pressure on the nervous system, and a cold. Why she cannot have some of your good nursing, Mrs. Marsh. I must say I should have small hope of my patient here if it was not for that."

"Then, turning to the couch, he drew aside the curtains which shaded its occupant, and looked earnestly to ascertain whether the patient slept. A man of noble and remarkably defined features lay on that pillow, and his face, though haggard and thin almost to a skeleton, had yet a tinge of healthful color in the skin that took from it some of the corpse-like hue that might otherwise have added to the extreme marks of suffering which surrounded it. There were bandages still round the throat, and the arm that lay outside of the bedclothes was also enveloped and thrown wearily about from time to time.

His eyes were open, however, and they were clear and light as they turned on the physician.

"I am not sleeping, doctor," he said, feebly; 'but I am sadly weary of this life. I do not think it any kindness to have prolonged it, unless I were able to leave this wretched imprisonment.'"

"My good friend, have patience. Yours is the most singular and difficult case that ever taxed a physician's skill," said the doctor, soothingly, "and I have devoted to it a degree of patience and attention which I confess I have seldom given to any patient. Indeed, my practice would not admit of it."

"I have no means of remunerating you for it" was the feeble rejoinder. "Let me die, doctor—let me die."

"My good sir, you are laboring under extreme depression of the nervous system," said Dr. Cowan, kindly. "Be assured your wants are fully cared for, and I shall be no loser in any respect by the attention I give you. You see the fact is this, in a few plain words:—You had sustained such severe injuries that it was a miracle you survived them; and, next, they left behind them an inward hemorrhage that was sapping your very life springs, besides the irritation that proceeded from a ball which I extracted. Now the wounds which so long continued to harass and depress you are in a far more healthy condition, and I have little doubt of your recovery under your present good care."

The patient listened with a weary listlessness.

"I suppose it is very ungrateful, but under my present circumstances I rather feel that my life is a burden. I am cut off from all that can make it even tolerable, and never, never can hope to regain what I have lost."

"Hush, hush! you must not excite yourself," said the doctor. "Now let me feel your pulse. I will not remain to examine your wounds at present, as I feel certain from the subsiding of the fever they are doing well. As to the rest, we will talk of it presently when you are stronger."

He laid his finger on the patient's wrist, gazed attentively into his eyes, moved his bandaged arm, and after other medical examinations, and some strict orders to the nurse, he departed. For some time there was silence.

Marston drew the curtain once more around the bed to shade the sunlight from her patient, and sat thoughtfully in her large chair till it was time to administer some strengthening soup that she had been warming for her charge.

"You are to eat this," she said, preparing to feed the languid sufferer. "I am to give you wine now—good, nourishing old wine—the best that can be had for money."

"Nurse, this is a farce—a miserable farce," said the patient, with sudden energy. 'I begin to think you are under some wretched deception. Why should all this trouble be wasted on my destitute, wretched self? Who is to pay for all that is lavished so uselessly?"

"That is a secret as yet," returned the nurse. "Perhaps I could satisfy you better if you were more open yourself as to your real story. Surely you have some friends who would willingly contribute for all that is necessary to your recovery?"

"No, no, no; I have no friends—now," said he. "Yes; perhaps there is one left, but on her I have no claim—none."

"Have you no wife—no child?" asked Marston, eagerly.

"None! I have had no such ties for many long years," returned the sufferer, sadly.

"Are you telling me the truth?" asked the nurse, in surprise.

"I am. A falsehood never passed my lips," he replied.

"But surely you have had a wife? Is she dead?" He bowed his head.

"And children—are they dead also?"

"The only one I ever had is in the grave. Let me go to them. I seek nothing happier."

Marston mused anxiously.

"It is strange very strange," she murmured, as she went on with her nursing duties.

"What is strange?" he asked, sharply.

"That you refuse to tell anything which could give some clue to your residence, your name, your friends," she replied, "or even to what reduced you to your present state."

"That is easily explained," he said. "I have promised—vowed never to reveal the secret to any human being, and I would rather die than break my word."

"Still it was given under pressure, and you may surely be excused from keeping it," she argued."

"No, never, never," he said, earnestly. "I gave my word, years, years since, and it shall never, never be broken—no, not were it to my own utter destruction. Yet I often have repented I gave it, though it was rather for another's sake than my own."

"Has it not availed?" asked Marston.

"Can you ask? I am here a helpless victim, once more under the solemn vow not to betray my enemies. The grave is my only resource, my only house of rest. It is cruel to keep me from it."

Marston drew aside the shading *jalousies* that covered the window and the curtain from the bed, and stood before the patient in all its clear light.

"Look here," she said, "look at me. Seventeen years since I was handsome and comparatively young. I was beloved and trusted, and only waiting for the savings of a few years to wed my betrothed. In one night I lost all that could make life endurable, and remained the repulsive creature you see me. Yet I have lived on, and even now I begin to see the purpose for which I was spared. I shall remain on earth till my mission is accomplished. Man, whoever you are, learn from a weak woman to suffer and be strong. There is a heaven above us in whose hands are the threads of weal and woe which make up the web of human life. Leave thyself to its guidance, and be patient to the end."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DOG THAT COULDN'T LICK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. ESPY.

Jake Jones, of Brownville Corners, was a sportsman; his barnyard contained the latest importations of "Blue chickens" and "Spanish game." His wife was sick of diptheria, and the jovial, witty and withal excellent Dr. P. was called in attendance. As was his custom, he made light of the malady, left his patient some medicine, and was still better, a light heart, and stepped into the bar-room of the country tavern, and called for a glass of Old Medford.

"Just look at this dog, Doc," said the proud proprietor ("I last week smuggled him over from Canada," he whispered confidentially), "large head, small ears, short hair, slim tail, long fangs, all the good points enumerated in an answer to a last week's CLIPPER correspondent. Do you know of any dog in your city he can't lick."

Gazing up to the ceiling as he finished his dram, the doctor cast a queer look at Jake, as he replied. "Well, Jones, I'm not much on the sport, you know, but I'd like to bet that that bull of yours can't 'draw blood' on my Scotch terrier."

"What!" exclaimed Jake, at once interested, "I'll go you just an even hundred dollars on that, and lay the money in Squire Q.'s hands."

"All right," replied the M. D., and left his stake in the squire's hands and drove off.

The following day his buggy drove up to the country tavern, and laying upon the seat at his side was a small sized Scotch terrier.

"The old woman is better," exclaimed Jake; "just bring your little beast out here behind the woodshed, and Lion will draw all the blood there is in him; he will attack anything from the size of a grasshopper to Deacon Rice's bull—bring along that ferocious dwarf of yours, Doc."

At the back of the woodshed was a private dog-pit, and around it were assembled all the residents of Brownville Corners to witness the singular dog-fight. The dogs were lowered into the pit, and at once urged to the conflict.

"Sesserboy!" exclaimed Jake—"Seize him, Lion!"

With a fierce growl Lion rushed upon the Scotch terrier (who was crouched in the far corner of the pit), and seized him by the neck, but had hardly closed his jaws before he dropped his hold, and the terrier retaliated by biting him upon the nose, drawing the first blood.

"Sesserboy, take hold of him," urged Jake; "bite him, Lion."

Again Lion made for the terrier, and they had it over and under, old Lion finally howling and crying piteously, while the "dwarf" gnawed at his throat.

"Give in," said Jake. "Lion is licked fair and square by a dam little dog not a tenth his size. Never saw never heard of a full-blood English bull-dog being gnawed up by a miserable little rat-dog. What will you take for that dog, Doc."

(Hand over the stakes to the Doc., Squire.)

"I guess he is worth one hundred dollars for fighting purposes, isn't he, Jake?" asked the Doctor.

"Don't know," replied Jake, looking dubiously at the terrier; "I'll give you seventy-five for him, though."—

"All right," answered the M. D. as Jake handed him the money and led away the dog; "but, by the bye, Jake, would you like a prescription for 'trimming' a poodle so that he can wrap a ball?"

"Yes," exclaimed Jake, as he saw a humorous twinkle in the physician's eye, and inwardly felt that he had been sold.

The Doctor wrote a moment upon the prescription paper, and just as he drove rapidly away handed it to Mine host. It ran thus:

"Saturated solution of Cayenne Pepper—sufficient quantity. R. For external use only—to be applied on the fur of the animal fifteen minutes before fighting him."

Jake saw the sell when it was too late, but he doesn't buy any more dogs of that kind.

A GEOLOGICAL QUESTION.—In quarrying stone upon the top of a very high hill near Los Angeles, Cal., a deposit was struck of petrified whales. The bones are very numerous, and completely turned into stone. The vertebræ, particularly, were found in great numbers, and are easily recognizable from their peculiar form. How the whales got up there are questions for geologists, to whom the discovery offers a fine field for examination and research.

CIVILITIES AND FRIENDSHIP.—What a difference exists between mere civilities and acts of real friendship! How easy to obtain the former, and at times how hard to get the latter!

I CAN NOD DRINK TO-NIGHD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Don'd ask me, blease, dis evening, friends,
Don'd fill no glass for me,
Dot makes me sad und sick to heard
Your songs of joy und glee;
Just took der rosy wine avay,
Remoof dot from my sight,
Dot makes my heart vent piddy pat—
I can nod drink to-nigsd.

You may so dos vill amood my ears,
My shbirits dot vill cheer,
Yet I can'd sing your feadhs grood,
Nor shwim der rosy wine;
Last night I drinked a barrel full
Und got so awful tight
Dot now I'm sick like efferyding—
I can not drink to-nigsd.

Den pass der foaming lager round
Fill efery glass but mine,
Don'd let der cares dot cloud my soul
Shtand shadows over dine;
Drink deep und gif's der shmall shard corn
To measure und delight,
Bud keep der shdoff avay from me—
I can nod drink to-nigsd.

Some oder nighd von I feel good
We'll has a shbiendid dime,
Und songs und dosts und rhymes und efery fun,
Und sendimend und rhyme;
Bud nod to-nighd, dot don't dost be,
My head dot vas nod right,
So, deserdions, friends, blease sound me oud—
I can nod drink to-nigsd.

VALKING EFERY BLACE.—No. 11.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Sharley, do you see dot young feller mit his back turned dis vay? Vell, dot's Gus Williams, von of der bead comic singers in dis country to-day. Vat he does he does natural und life like—dot vas not shdrained. He sings der bead Dudch song I efer heerd on my life, und his dialect vas der bead of any of dem I hafe, believe me. He is a fine young feller outside of his brofession, and he knows how to be a gendleman ven he is mit gendlemen. Gus is a New York boy, und a immense faforide in dis cidy und eferywheres else dot he is efer been. His songs is all fresh und new, und he don'd sing dem more as dwo or dree dimes before dot child goes for more; he has got a goot voice to sing mit, und besides he is a goot sedor and knows der difference bedween being funny und making a jakeass of himself on der shdage.

You see dot leedle feller mit von eye shud ub, boinding ub mit von hand und down mit der oder. Dot's von of der funniest leedle rasqpils in dis country, und I don'd care vere you go look for der oder read. No, he aind got von eye—he's only makin bleef. He's carryin on all der dime, no madder vere dot vas. His name vas Morrissey Little, und efery von dot knows him likes him first rate. He is blaying mit Dan Bryant, und is a goot berformer. Vat he does he dries to do so as to suid der beeples, und so long as any von dey vill do dot der'm opliged to got along. He is a hard-vorking leedle feller, und of dere is anyding going on is always on hand. Him und his bardner, Emerson, is been mit Bryant a goot long vile, und I shood nod be surbrised of dey vood shday a goot vile longer. I like to vadch him ad der soshil seeshion of der Elks—I dell you I hafe a heab of fun looking ad him. Seeing him gid around in a valk round is wery funny. Ven Frank Kerns, Johnny Vild (Good kind sir), Hughey Dougherdy, und dwo or dree like dem is in der race, den dere's always some varm vork. Dey all go for Morrissey, und dings is hot

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1872.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 3,580 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

☞ We never answer questions by mail. All addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

J. K., Cincinnati.—1. The parties who were six points and held four honors won the game, although their opponents gained the odd trick, which, however, did not put them out. If the latter had been nine, and had scored the odd trick, then they would have won, notwithstanding the others held four honors. Tricks count before honors. 2. He can build ten on his partner's build of nine. 3. He cannot if he does not hold the same card in his hand. 4. No. 5. No.

J. H. AND G. G.—The former bets the latter that previous to the assassination of President Lincoln, Edwin Booth played Hamlet one hundred nights. Which wins?.....J. H. wins, as Mr. Booth performed it that number of nights, the last time for his benefit, on March 22d, 1865, while the President's death occurred on April 15th of that year.

J. M. L.—1. There are two routes to the diamond diggings in South Africa: one by way of San Francisco and thence by sailing vessel to Cape Town; the other by way of Liverpool and thence by steamer or sailing vessel to Cape Town. 2. Melbourne contains 100,000 population; Sydney, 94,539; Ballarat, 20,000.

F. M. N.—1. Barnum's Museum, the last one he managed, was situated on Broadway, a little above Spring street, and was destroyed by fire on the night of March 3d, 1868. 2. The Knickerbocker Ball Club have not yet organized their nine, although they intend doing so.

L. W., Cincinnati.—Your statement of the case is not clear. If A bets $7 against $5 that the thrower of 47 will win the ring, he wins the bet, for that number, although subsequently tied, did win; but if he bet that the party throwing 47 would win the ring, he loses, as he was tied.

F. M. Quiney, Mich.—A full hand always beats a flush. The value of hands at poker are as follows:—Four of a kind beats a full; a full hand beats a flush; and a flush beats two pair. Straights are not generally played, and when they are it is customary to agree whether they shall beat a pair or three of a kind.

VIATOR, Philadelphia, Pa.—On Nov. 13th, 1856, John Brougham played in a farce at the Old Bowery Theatre in this city, at the conclusion of which he took a special train for Philadelphia, and performed in the same piece at the Chestnut Street Theatre that evening.

G. W., Kingston, Conn.—1. The handler must count 100 by tens when the cock is pounded. 2. He cannot count the dead cock out while his own bird is fighting. 3. The money agreed upon for expenses must be paid, although the main may not be fought.

L. N., Shrieveport, La.—The judge had no right to take into consideration at the finish the half length advantage one horse had at the start. They should not have tapped the drum if they thought the start was not even.

PHILA.—1. Bia hand is foul, as he holds too many cards, and he cannot win the money. 2. A player can demand a sight for what money he has; the dealer best hand, having failed to come in, has nothing to do with it.

ROCKS, Paterson.—1. A can build anew before taking up his first build. 2. B cannot play his ace on his opponents build of "fours," and call it five or nine. 3. Edwin Booth occupies a portion of his theatre as his private residence.

ENQUIRER, Montreal.—The fastest mile time on record is 1:43, made by Sallna and by Pudadeen. In England there is no official time in the matter. The statement that Flying Childers ran a mile in one minute is a popular error, having no foundation in fact.

CONSTANT READER, Montgomery, Ala.—We should be gratified by the receipt of the "old bills;" also to receive regular advices from you. Please forward your precise address, so that we may communicate by mail.

A PLAYER, Phila.—1. In some places a straight beats three of a kind, in others two pairs, while in others again straights do not beat flushes. 2. The fastest record is 2:17¼, but 2:16 was made in a losing heat and therefore does not go on the record.

T. B., Phila.—1. The player on the immediate left of the dealer invariably leads. 2. In three-handed euchre a player taking up, ordering or making the trump, scores three points if he takes all the tricks.

J. M. YALE, New Haven.—Thank you for the compliment, but you will please to excuse us for not giving it publicity, as we very rarely publish favorable notices of the CLIPPER, or laudatory poetic contributions.

FLY AWAY VS. EXCELSIOR.—We cannot tell you why the defeat of the FLY AWAYS by the Boston Excelsiors was omitted in their averages, as you state.

FOSTMASTER, Harlem, N. R.—The two parties who tied on 43 must throw off who takes the hog, and the loser takes the $15 for the next highest throw. The thrower of 39 has no claim whatever.

SPECARMEN, Fredonia.—Both parties having a bird, one dealer having given one, makes the opposite six; the latter's low consequently puts him out before the dealer's high, Jack and game.

FRANK W. JARVIS.—We believe it was stated in the CLIPPER at the performance was not properly authenticated, the bet should be drawn.

BROOKLYN.—At the time of the fight between Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer the former kept a public house at No. 9 Chatham street.

SIX DECK.—1. "Did Beales of the Unions, of Morrisania, ever play with the Olympics, of Washington. 2. If so, under what name did he play?".....1. Yes. 2. Thomas.

H. W. N., St. Louis, Mo.—National banks are the principal media of circulation for notes, and they deposit government bonds as security with the treasury department. Bonds represent the debt.

C. H.—The *Lancet* is a medical journal, published in London, Eng. You can order it through Wilmer and Rogers, 49 Nassau street, N. Y.

F. S., Jr.—We published a portrait and biography of Miss Lydia Thompson in Vol. 16, No. 23, but have no copies of that issue on hand.

T. K.—"Arrah-na-Pogue" was produced for the first time in this country at Miller's Garden, July 17th, 1865. T. H. Glenney played Shaun.

D. S., Newton, Kansas.—Goldsmith Maid trotted a mile at Mt. Washington, last September in 2:17, and is duly credited with such record.

R. MCM., Sarnia.—The parties who threw 46 must throw off for the two highest prizes. The man who threw the lowest number takes the harness.

W. S., South Wareham, Mass.—According to your statement the agent could not compel you to purchase the machine. It would be what is technically termed "sharp practice."

HALIFAX.—It would be safe to say a criminal suit for abandonment, which would result in his having to pay for the support of his wife or go to jail.

FRANKS, Cleveland, O.—The 4th of March, or inauguration day, occurred on Sunday in 1821 and '49, and, no doubt, will occur again on that day of the week.

ROBERT, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—At cribbage, one nine, one four and three aces count twelve, viz., six for fifteens and six for pair royal.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS, Brooklyn.—Five cent nickles have been issued and are in circulation. Apply to the mint or treasury.

J. W. H. Albany.—The two parties who tied on 41 must throw again for choice of first and second prizes, the party throwing 39 having no claim whatever to either.

A SUBSCRIBER.—You can better act as your own physician in such a case, by seeking pleasant entertainment and company, and making up your mind to refrain from dissipation.

J. R. C.—Great casino counts two points, little casino one, aces one each, spaded one, cards three, sweep one. There is no precedence in these points.

FRESH GLENN.—1. Ed. O'Baldwin stands 6 feet 8¼ inches. He arrived in this country from England, Dec. 31st, 1867. 2. Dexter's best recorded time for one mile is 2:17¾, in harness.

JOHN D. L., New Philadelphia, O.—We have no record of the event.

PHIL. CROSS, Schenectady, N. Y.—Walter Brown, late champion caraman, died March 3d, 1871.

H. F. H., Gowaneda.—We do not preserve them, always supposing that contributors retain copies.

R. S. S., Jersey City.—A high counting before B's low, puts him, out, and R is whitewashed.

E. Z. Z., Brownsville.—The license for a retail liquor store in New York city is fifty dollars.

T. S.—"Under the Gaslight" was never performed at the Olympic Theatre, in this city.

S. T., South Boston, Mass.—Walter Montgomery made his first appearance in America at San Francisco, Cal.

F. M. L., Boston.—Thanks for your favor. We regret not having space for it.

MONROE, La.—1. The Athletics take the pennant. 2. They have one nine and that is it. He does not get two.

R. L. S., Newburgh.—Each gives one if he thinks proper to do it, although by doing so it would put one of his opponents out.

T. O.—We have no knowledge of their merits. Apply to W. Drake, sporting advertisement, who will find it another column.

KENO, Mobile.—He lost $1.60, the amount he originally had when he commenced to play.

OMAHA, Old City, Pa.—Write to Budd Doble, Bristol, Pa., and he will tell you.

ROCK ISLAND READER.—The Jack must be scored whenever it is turned, even if it be of the suit that has been previously run.

SUBSCRIBER, Wilmington.—Twenty miles an hour has never been trotted by any horse on the Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, track.

DIBBS, Salem.—Wash the dog every other day with sarbolic soap and warm water and you will soon get rid of the fleas.

C. S. WEST, Chicago, Ill.—As we have answered by letter, your money was not received.

DOC. D., Davenport.—You are wrong as the Jack is counted the moment it is turned. See answer to Rock Island Reader above.

SUBSCRIBER, Reading.—As you do not give names we cannot insert the item.

EXPRESS.—James Kennovan is credited with having walked 106 hours without rest, in California.

YOUNG AMERICA, Yatesville.—Address Ed. James as per advertisement.

L. C. P.—We already have several on the same subject, and yours, with one or two others, must be declined.

PARNELL, St. Louis, Mo.—The parties mentioned are man and wife, and are living in perfect harmony.

THEO. F. H., Washington, D. C.—Thank you for the correction—it was a typographical error in the spelling of the name.

C. G., Wellsville, N. Y.—The "Black Crook" will probably be withdrawn at the end of the present week.

Unsubscribed, Providence, R. I.—See answer to "Wash., Philadelphia," in our past issue.

VERMONTER.—Write to Dusenbury and Van Duser, 135 Christie street, or A. J. Dubois, 203 Greene street, New York.

C. H. L.—"Schneider's Dream" is the private property of the author, "Oofty Goofy"—Mr. Gus Phillips.

SEVERAL.—You cannot take your opponent's build of four and the deuce on the table with your six spot.

E. E. Natick, Mass.—Having bet that he would beat A's throw of three aces, and only tied it, loses.

COUNTRY PARLER.—It could not make a ten of the nine, M having already claimed that card by calling "ames."

SAMUEL HAMBLETON.—You had better communicate with the paper named, and thereby get the exact state of the case.

W. C. W., Peoria, Ill.—The Red Jacket's time is the best by a sailboat between New York and Liverpool.

VOLUNTEER CLUB, Poughkeepsie.—Having withheld your statistics so long into 1872, they are too late for publication.

J. GORMAN.—We have probably mislaid it. Have you another copy?

F. REILLY.—Bill received; thank you; will probably use it in our next.

C. KENNY, Albany.—Thank you for the favor; it will receive early insertion.

A READER.—You won, as your low and Jack took you out before your opponent's high, game.

F. W., Attica.—We do not answer questions of such a purely personal nature.

W. B. H., South Norwalk.—1. The dealer can insist, if he thinks proper, on your cutting the cards. 2. We cannot tell.

A. BOYD, Lincoln, Ill.—We are not in possession of positive proof, although it is generally considered that he has.

T. D., Ostaloosa.—There are more railroads in America than in England.

SUBSCRIBER.—The entries for the Northamptonshire, Eng., Stakes are too voluminous to publish.

SHARPSHOOTER.—1. No. 2. Billy Emerson is in San Francisco at present.

W. F. N., Livermore, Me.—The premium on gold on July 31st, 1837, was 40 per cent.

JAMES BURT.—1. The clubs he swings do not weigh as much as that. You win the wager, for he cannot do it. 2. It is not allowed.

J. SCHAFFNER.—1. It is nearly up to the mark. 2. They fought a dozen rounds; they were matched again, but it didn't come to a fight.

A. A. WILSON, Chicago.—We will make early use of it and return it to you in good season.

SUBSCRIBER, Detroit, Mich.—He was born March 9th, 1826.

JESSIE.—It is not proper to publish proper names in such cases.

J. GORMAN.—Received, and will probably be given next week.

C. E. H., East Boston, Mass.—Walter Bray is in New Orleans.

J. M. P., Natick.—A full hand always beats a flush at poker.

T. F.—Mr. Bonner paid $33,000 for Dexter to O. Fawcett.

H. F.—The parties named are not related to each other.

O. J. LAWRENCE, Phila.—They will be very acceptable.

JOE ANDERSON from Dayton, Ohio, visited this country.

CASSIDAY, Hartford.—O can order it up and play alone.

LINUS.—A player can build two piles at the same time.

W. A. MUNSON, Indianapolis.—White, of Cleveland.

C. H. KEMBLE, Troy.—For three months, $7.50.

Y. H. MOWERY, Phelps.—Received and filed.

BIG EYES.—Will "see it" in a week or two.

PROF. HARRY.—We have a letter for you.

JOCKEY, Clifton, O.—Not to our record.

SAMUEL, Buffalo, N. Y.—No, thank you.

RICH.—It is impossible to say who is.

G. W. F.—They are not on sale.

WOODS, Savannah, Ga.—Yes.

JOSEPH CAU.—Declined.

SMALL WAGES.—It is told as an unabridged truth that in Manilla there are twenty-five thousand women and girls employed in making segars, their wages being seven cents a day each. And yet in this country there are girls and women so mean and lost to all sense of justice as to grumble because their wealthy employers pay them "fourteen cents a pair for making pantaloons." With what pride should we look upon our cheap employers when we compare them with these Manilla galoots.

QUEER PEOPLE.—In an obituary notice in one of our exchanges, a few days ago, we read:—"Passed to the home of the angels from Hartford, Conn., ——— only surviving daughter," etc. We have no wish to do Hartford injustice, but is not this a living lie? The home of the angels being so near, extremes must meet somewhere about Hartford.

"OUR JIM" called on the Widow Somerby, a few days ago, to solicit a subscription towards burying a young woman who had "just died of twins." Being up to his dodges, she gave him a slap instead of a subscription, and now the dreadful boy goes around boasting that he received *the widow's smile!*

A MASSACHUSETTS WOMAN, and Mary Jones her name, was lately caught stealing horses. Well, in these days of woman's rights reform, she has as much right to steal horses as any other man. The papers "down east" make most too much fuss about trifles.

THE PAPERS, in their truthful way, proclaim the astounding intelligence that Janauschek, the broken-Dutch actress, wears an eighteen thousand dollar diamond ring. This ought to be good news for our broken highwaymen and garroters.

THE SUBJECT of ice is distressing our Maine reliance. Down there they have three thousand tons, and no purchasers. The subject *is* rather depressing, but as *tis on ice*, it ought to keep; though this is rather *cold* comfort just now.

AFTER ALL our trouble in selecting the best material for our Alabama platform, it now looks as though the Geneva board would prove to be a useless piece of lumber.

A SEAL, five feet long and three feet around the middle, was lately killed at Shelter Island, L. I. This would make a capital catch for the Mormon sealers.

DOWN IN GEORGIA they are jubilant because they hear the first trill of the robin. We shall never hear the *last* of the robbin' in this city.

IT IS HINTED that the American railroad car is to be adopted in England. Why not adopt the "great American Train" while about it?

A COUPLE OF HARD "CASES."—The statement prepared for the Court of Arbitration by the United States and Great Britain.

SPOTTED FEVER is prevalent in the east and Spotted Tail in the west.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ Advices from Paris, France, dated Feb. 16th, report that the police have information which leads them to believe that 60,000 rifles, 30 cannon, and large stores of ammunition are concealed in that city. At the funeral of Gen. Count Lepomby Napoleon's private secretary, on that date, the carriage of M. Rouher was surrounded by a throng of people, who made angry demonstrations, crying, "*A bas les empereurs!*"

☞ The carnival festivities of Mardi Gras on Feb. 13th, at New Orleans, La., are said to have exceeded all former carnivals in point of numbers and splendor. The maskers marshaled in procession represented the characters of Homer's Illiad and Odyssey. The Mystic Krewe, also, revelled in the streets of Memphis, Tenn., on that date, for the first time.

☞ A resolution, introduced into the United States Senate by Senator Sumner on Feb. 12, authorizing the appointment of a commission to examine into the circumstances connected with the alleged sales of arms by this government to France during the France-German war, has caused considerable excitement in Washington.

☞ Havana advices of Feb. 15th report a disastrous gale on the Mexican coast, during which the Prussian bark, Hermann Loewe, and the English bark, Panuco, were lost. The crew of the former were saved, but twelve of the crew of the English ship were drowned.

☞ A barrel of cement exploded and set fire to Roedel & Co.'s shoe factory on North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa., on Feb. 14th. The stores adjoining were also burned. Loss, $75,000. Six persons were injured by the fire and several firemen were injured by falls.

☞ The Lowry gang of outlaws entered Lumberton, N. C., on Feb. 16th, and carried off two negroes—one from A. H. McLeod's store and the other from the sheriff's office—having first appropriated tools and a horse and dray. The sheriff gave chase, but the outlaws escaped with $22,000 taken from McLeod's safe.

☞ A telegram dated Paris, Feb. 15th, states that all hopes of a fusion of the Orleanists and Legitimists are abandoned. A proposal passed the Assembly on that date to head all tax papers with the words:—"Occasioned by the war of 1870, declared by Napoleon."

☞ The steamer Wanda, having sprung a leak, foundered thirty miles off Sandy Hook on Feb. 4th. The passengers and crew, with the exception of one man, were rescued by the Cleopatra, and landed at Havana on the 9th.

☞ On the night of Feb. 14th Henry Pinnel, while laboring under *delirium tremens*, escaped from his house in Long Island City, N. Y., and was frozen to death. The coroner's jury arraigned the police commissioners for indirectly causing the man's death by refusing to arrest him on the application of his wife.

☞ John Degrau, a chemist, whose residence was in Philadelphia, was taken to the Tombs, this city, by a police officer on Feb. 15th in a semi-conscious condition, and he died there on the 17th. The coroner's jury censured Police Sergeant Crollius and Dr. Samuel M. Orton for not sending him to the hospital instead of the Tombs.

☞ The Legislature of Newfoundland was convened on Jan. 25th. The Governor's speech represents the affairs of the colony in a very satisfactory condition. The revenue the past year was £18,000 in excess of the expenditure.

☞ The steamer Nashville was cut through by ice and sunk at Cincinnati, O., on Feb. 18th. It is feared that the boat will be a total loss, and the cargo, which is worth $60,000, will be a two-thirds loss.

☞ A terrific storm raged in Iowa on Feb. 11th, and the telegraph lines were prostrated. Sami. Ellis was frozen to death about five miles from Sioux City, and it is feared that the intense cold has caused fearful suffering in the country.

☞ Ayer and Brother's tobacco factory at Sacramento, McLean Co., Ky., was burned by an incendiary on Feb. 9th. A man named Clark was arrested on suspicion and lynched the same night by a party of masked men.

☞ Walter Roche, vice-president of the collapsed Bowling Green Savings Bank, of this city, was arrested on Feb. 18th and held in $50,000 bail, to answer in a civil suit to recover over $40,000, said to have been drawn by him out of the bank.

☞ A telegram dated Madrid, Feb. 16th, states that advices from Manilla represent all quiet in the Philippine Islands, the revolt of the native troops having been completely suppressed and the leader executed.

☞ A telegram dated Santa Fe, N. M., Feb. 16th, states that on the 8th a party of Indians drove off a large herd of cattle from Silver City, and set fire to an out-house. A man by the name of Cook was burned to death.

☞ The floor of Allison's Mill, on Elkhorn Creek, Ill., gave way on Feb. 13th, and a broken stove set the building on fire. Three out of four persons in the building escaped, but Dr. W. K. Palmer was caught between the timbers and burned to death.

☞ The German steamer New York returned to Halifax, N. S., on Feb. 18th, in consequence of heavy weather. The boats were carried away, her bridge broken and one sailor killed by a fall from aloft.

☞ The Nelson W. Young Club, of this city, intend enjoying their annual calico hop at Apollo Hall on the evening of March 1st, and it is to be hoped that the Young people will fully realize their expectations.

☞ Judge Bedford on Feb. 12th sentenced James McLaughlin, who was convicted of garrotting a man in this city on Jan. 2d, to twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor, and stated that he would mete out the same punishment to all garroters.

☞ Sradaugh, a leader of the English republicans, predicts that a storm of revolution will burst upon England in 1873 or 1874. The republicans do not make it their business to envy hunger and poverty will a few years later.

☞ The American Club held a meeting at Masonic Hall, this city, on Feb. 19th, when it was arranged that the club in future shall be conducted on solely social principles. Wm. M. Tweed was re-elected president, and police commissioner Henry Smith vice-president.

☞ A train on the Mississippi Central Railroad was thrown off the track by a tie placed on the rails near Valden, Tenn., on Feb. 18th. The engine, baggage and express cars were demolished, but no one was hurt.

☞ An American named Minar was shot and stabbed to death in London, Eng., on Feb. 16th. The murderer mistook him for a relative named Pollington, at whose death he expected to inherit £1,700.

☞ Advices dated Ogden, Utah, Feb. 17th, state that eight trains passed through there on that date—the first for twenty-eight days—the snow blockade having been temporarily raised; but later advices from the west report that trains are again snow bound.

☞ A man named Richbourg was stabbed and killed by Daniel Storer in Chelsea, Mass., on Feb. 17th. They both were spiritualistic lovers of Mrs. Gilbert, a widow, and jealousy was the cause of the murder.

☞ It is feared that the Canadian surveying party, under Col. McNab, which left Duluth for the north of Lake Superior about a month ago, in open boats, have perished.

☞ The assassin of Lord Mayo has been tried and sentenced to be hanged. Lord Francis Napier, the Governor of Madras, is the present acting Governor General of India.

☞ A telegram dated Paris, Feb. 18

Summit Hill, 19th and 20th; Tamaqua, 21st and 22d, and Pottsville, 23d and 24th.

THE Jays, according to a St. Louis correspondent, "played to a crowded house on Feb. 10th. It being their last performance in St. Louis. The *matinee* was also well attended, the public realizing the fact of its being the last chance for the young folks to see the Japs. They are thought to be superior to any Japanese troupe that has ever performed in St. Louis. Many of the feats display courage and audacity, combined with great dexterity and skill. Prof. Gangero does a variety of feats with apparent ease. Among the most wonderful is his 'box and bottle'—a common square box is held in his left hand, with his right he throws an earthen bottle, of ordinary size in the air, catching it on the box and twisting it in all manner of shapes thereon. This trick alone has created much interest. The troupe goes from here to Decatur, 12th and 13th; Danville, 14th and 15th; Lafayette, 16th and 17th; Logansport, 18th and 19th; Indianapolis, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th, opening in Cincinnati Feb. 26th, in the National Theatre. The proprietors are Messrs. Wetton and Mitchell, and their agents Messrs. Dunand and Dewitz."

FRED. DOUGLASS lectured at Library Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 12th inst. Subject—"Santo Domingo."..... The Rev. Collyer, of Chicago, lectured at the same place on the 14th inst. Subject—"From Fire to February."..... Rev. Wm. N. Van DeMark lectured at the same place on the 15th inst. Subject—"Superstitions and Eccentricities."..... Nasby will lecture at the same place on the 20th inst. Subject—"The Mission of Skineogh."

MAD. IVAN C. MICHEL, whose card is in another column, gives lessons in elocution and prepares ladies and gentlemen for the stage.

IN CINCINNATI, Logrenia, the wizard, at Greenwood Hall, and Blitz, the illusionist, at Melodeon Hall, were so successful during their original week, that they remained a second week, commencing on the 12th, and did very well.

SHOW FOLKS visiting Chicago, Ill., are referred to Geo. S. Coles' card elsewhere.

FRED. B. NETTLETON can be engaged as assistant agent through Col. T. A. Brown.

H. EUGENE LAWRENCE, side show talker, advertises that he can be engaged.

THE MUSIC HALL, Dayton, O., can be rented through the agent, whose card is in another column. It is furnished with complete set of scenery and all stage appointments.

FRANCOIS, a juvenile magician, advertises for engagements.

M'LLE ANDERSON, magician, performed at Pittston, Pa., Feb. 16th and 17th. C. Montez has joined her as agent.

PROF. CHURCHILL inaugurated Saunders' New Hall at Lawrence, Mass., with readings on Feb. 5th.

BORDWELL'S PANORAMA of the burning of Chicago and the Franco-German War was exhibited at Lockport, N. Y., Feb. 12th and 13th to good houses.

WARBURN'S LAST SENSATION is billed to appear at Whitehall, N. Y., Feb. 21st; Fairham, Vt., 22d; Ticonderoga, N. Y., 23d; Monah, N. Y., 24th; Port Henry, N. Y., 26th; Essex, 27th; Keeseville, 28th, and Plattsburgh, 29th.

JOSHUA KIDD informs showmen that he has improved his patent lights, and no glasses are required with them. For particulars see his card elsewhere.

REV. G. F. STERLING, of Harrisburg, repeated his lecture, "To Oregon and Back Again," at the Court House in that city on Feb. 15th.

FRANK CONLY, humorist, is announced to give an entertainment at Norristown, Pa., on the 20th.

PROF. DELASTO, magician, is announced to give two entertainments at Mechanicsburg, Pa., on the 19th and 20th, and Newville, 23d and 24th.

PROF. MACALLISTER opened for a week's engagement at the Opera House, Springfield, Ill., on Feb. 12th, and has been doing a very good business. He is billed ahead as follows:—Jacksonville, 19th, for one week; Peoria four nights, opening on the 26th, and on the 11th of March he opens at Chicago, Ill., for two weeks. So wrote our correspondent on Feb. 16th.

JAMES R. MURDOCH, gave two readings in Washington, D. C., on Feb. 13th and 17th. At the first the selections were miscellaneous, at the second he gave Dickens' "Dr. Marigold."

SAM SHARPLEY'S SILVER SHOW, with Logrenia, the wizard, and his trained birds, are billed to perform at Chillicothe, O., Feb. 19th, 20th and 21st; Parkersburg, W. Va., 22d, 23d and 24th; Cumberland, Md., 26th, 27th and 28th; Frederick, 29th, March 1st and 2d, and Washington, D. C., one week, commencing the 4th.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS performed at Buffalo, N.Y., Feb. 16th.

PROF. CROMWELL, with his art entertainment, opens for a couple of weeks at Masonic Temple, Baltimore, Md., on Feb. 19th.

MISS EDITH O'GORMAN, the Escaped Nun, is announced to lecture on her adventures at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md., on Feb. 22d.

P. MOONEY AND CO. advertise anaconda snakes for sale.

Amateur.

THE LOCK CITY AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB performed Sheridan Knowle's play "William Tell," at Arcade Hall, Lockport, N. Y., Feb. 16th, under the auspices of Post Donnelly, G. A. R.

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, produced the farce of "Monsieur Jacques" and the play of "The Gunmaker of Moscow" on the evening of the 15th inst., at the Amateur Drawing Room in that city. Mr. M. Lavall's rendition of the character of Monsieur Jacques was marked by many points of excellence, and Miss Lottie Francis enacted the *role* of Nina with humor. In "The Gunmaker of Moscow" Mr. W. H. Gunnis gave a good impersonation of Ruric Nevil, and Mr. J. A. B. Williams was quite effective as Count Denanoff. On the 22d inst. "Hamlet" will be presented, with Mr. J. A. B. Williams in the title *role*.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, produced Boucicault's drama of "The Colleen Bawn" on the 14th inst., at the pretty little theatre Fifth and Gaskill streets, in that city. The acting of those immediately concerned therein was much above the average of ordinary amateur performances, especial praise being due to Mr. John J. Rogers for his painstaking portraiture of the part of Danny Mann. Mr. Wm. S. Dye gave a good impersonation of Myles-na-Coppaleen and Mrs. Charles Henri invested the part of Ely O'Conner with more than usual interest.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, of Cincinnati, are announced to give "Much Ado About Nothing" on the 20th, and "Richelieu" on the 27th of the present month.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Dramatic.

CONCERNING AMUSEMENTS in London, Eng., and elsewhere, our advices are up to Feb. 4th. The holiday programmes were continued at all the London, Eng., theatres.....At the Surrey, on Feb. 5th, a new drama by H. P. Grattan, founded on Edmund Yates' novel of "Nobody's Fortune," and bearing that title, was to have reinforced the pantomime.....At the Adelphi, Mrs. John Wood was announced to have taken a farewell benefit on Feb. 8th.....Miss Emma Barnett was to have appeared on the 12th inst., at the Victoria.....At Mr. Tom Taylor's drama "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing".....Mr. Watts Phillips's drama of "Marlborough" will succeed "The Woman in White" at the Olympic.....'A Life's Race" is to be the title of the new three act play shortly to be produced at the Royal Alfred Theatre. The cast will include the names of Messrs. Herman Vezin, F. Swinbourne, Miss Evelyn, and Mr. and Mrs. C. Harcourt.....The Covent Garden Theatre will next autumn be converted into a dramatic theatre, and during the winter season, which will extend over eight months, it will be under the management of Dion Boucicault. The pit is to be enlarged and the price of admission reduced to two shillings (about fifty cents); the number of private boxes greatly diminished and some two thousand seats provided at prices of one shilling, eighteen pence and two shillings. The box and orchestra stalls will be charged three, four, five and six shillings. No fees or gratuities are to be allowed, nor will any restrictions be imposed regarding bonnets. Matinees are to be given every Wednesday during the season. Box stalls are to be enclosed and set apart for the especial accommodation of ladies and children without escort, with a private and separate entrance on Hart street. Female box keepers and pages will be in attendance on that part of the theatre, and the strictest surveillance will be maintained to ensure respectability. It is proposed that the entertainment shall combine the various elements of pantomime, ballet, burlesque attending upon a love story resembling "Peter Wilkins" or "Cherry and the Fair Star." The drama to be written by Dion Boucicault, and the music by Offenbach. The spectacle is to constitute the entire evening's performance. It is said that no piece of that description had been produced in London during the past forty years, and that the vast area of the Covent Garden Theatre will admit of great splendor in spectacular entertainments. We opine that it is the intention of producing pieces of the style of the "Black Crook," or "Humpty Dumpty," upon the American plan.

H. J. BYRON has read a new drama for Mr. J. L. Toole, called "Good News," at the Gaiety Theatre, London, Eng., and has also contracted to furnish the Prince's Theatre with a new piece for Easter.

CHARLES MILWARD, the author of "Little Snow White," has arranged with Messrs. Chatterton and Webster to furnish them with a fairy drama for next Christmas.

MISS ELISE HOLT, who had been playing the character of Valentine, in the pantomime of "Valentine and Orson," at Bath, Eng., took a benefit on Jan. 25th, when she had the patronage of the Duke of Beaufort. She closed her engagement Jan. 27th.

L. J. SEFTON was announced to shortly start upon a provincial tour, with a company, playing W. S. Gilbert's comedy of "Pygmalion and Galatea."

"AMY ROSSART" is shortly to be revived at Drury Lane Theatre, London, Eng., with Mrs. Hermann Vezin as the heroine.

JAMES HENRY ANDERSON has been appointed treasurer of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, London, Eng., in place of the late W. S. Emden.

EDMUND FALCONER commenced an engagement at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, Eng., Feb. 3d, acting in "Eileen Oge."

MRS. ROUSBY has gone to Switzerland on the recommendation of her medical adviser, and it is feared that it is some time before the popular actress can resume her professional engagements.

MISS KATE BATEMAN was announced to commence a professional tour at Glasgow, Scotland, Feb. 5th.

The *Court Journal* of London, Eng., of the issue of Jan. 17th, says:—The expenses attending the production of "Le Roi Carotte" at the Gaite, Paris, France, have been enormous. The following interesting statistics are given:—Madame Cheret, 40,000 francs; Madame Poisson, 10,000.: M. Fromont, 20,000.; M. Desplechin, 20,000.; costumes, 100,000.; accessories, 40,000.; 40 rehearsals, 120,000.; mating a total of 380,000 francs. The first four amounts are payments for decorations and other things connected with the production of the piece. "Le Roi Carotte," therefore, cost £14,000 before it was played. On the other hand, the receipts for the first eight representations amounted to 57,300 francs (£2,250). The receipts on Sunday evening, Jan. 21st, were £263.

ONE OF THE QUICKEST INVENCES of musical study on record is to be noted in connection with "Le Roi Carotte." A song sung in the last act by Mme. Judic was composed on the day of the first representation, and given to that lady at the beginning of the performance at night. It was read by her between the first and second acts, tried at the piano in the music room after the second, rehearsed with the orchestra at the end of the third, and applauded rapturously in the fourth.

HOSMUS, DAWISON, one of the greatest artists that ever trod the German dramatic stage, died at his villa near Dresden, Germany, on February 24, at the age of fifty-four years. He made his American debut at the Stadt Theatre during the year 1854, playing to some of the largest audiences ever assembled in that capacious theatre. On December 29th of that year he played the character of Othello in Shakespeare's tragedy of that name, at the Winter Garden, in German, while Edwin Booth acted Iago in English, in which language the balance of the cast, save Mme Methua Scheller, who acted Desdemona, spoke their lines. Shortly after his return to his native land, in the spring of 1857, he manifested symptoms of insanity and finally became hopelessly deranged. He was a great artist, excelling not only in dramas from the authors of his native land, but winning laurels by his performances of the principal roles in the German versions of Shakespeare's plays.

Musical.

MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI purports touring in Italy.

MDLLE. NILSON goes to Madrid after her American engagement.

ADELINA PATTI will, it is said, after the termination of the season at St. Petersburg, Russia, give twenty representations in the Austrian capital.

IT IS STATED that it costs the Khedive 40,000 napoleons to put Verdi's new opera, "Aida," written for his highness, on the boards of the Cairo Theatre.

MIGNON ROSSINI has commenced a very remarkable action against a gentleman, from whom she claims 50,000f. damages, on the ground of his having sung, or caused to be sung, at one or more private parties, compositions, as yet unpublished, by her late husband, M. Nicholote, the defendant in the suit, had been entrusted by Madame Rossini with a number of new pieces for voice and pianoforte, formally bequeathed to her by the great composer. It was necessary to fit many of the vocal pieces with words, and this task was, at M. Nicholote's request, undertaken and performed by M. Wilder. During the late siege of Paris M. Nicholote, with Rossini's last productions in her possession, was in Belgium; and it is said that elsewhere he has sanctioned the offences charged against him by Rossini's widow. M. Nicholote does not deny the allegation: but he pleads that, so far from depreciating the pieces confided to him by introducing a few of them to the notice of connoisseurs at musical parties, he by that very course increased their salable value. Of late years, he argues, what little Rossini did produce was not thought worthy of him by his admirers, whereas the last compositions are in his best style—a fact with which it was desirable that the musical world should be made acquainted. The case was to have been tried at Brussels, but the hearing has been postponed, and it is hoped that the affair may yet be settled.

MR. MARIMON has enraged the following artists for the spring season of Italian opera at Drury Lane Theatre:—Mlle. Christine Nilsson, M'me. Titiens, Mlle. Marimon, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini and Miss. Cagnoni. Sir Michael Costa will be the conductor, and M'me. Alboni is engaged for a limited number of performances. "Il Matrimonio Segreto" is promised, with Alboni, Marimon and Nilsson, in the cast.

Variety Halls.

WILLIAM JULIAN, the father of W. B. Julian, comic vocalist and theatrical agent, died in London, Eng., Jan. 25th, of bronchitis, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

MISS FLORENCE WARRINGTON, clog dancer, died at Accrington, Eng., Jan. 26th.

AT THE VARIETY HALLS in London, Eng., and the provinces the holiday programmes were continued and no changes had occurred worthy of record.

VANCE and his company were billed to perform at Nottingham, Eng., Feb. 5th and 6th; Burton-on-Trent, 7th; Stoke, 8th; Crewe, 9th, and Chester, 10th.

ARTHUR LLOYD and company are making a tour of Wales.

A PETROLEUSE ACCIDENT took place Jan. 17th, at a minor Cafe Music Hall, the Folies Dauphine, Paris, France. For some time past two clever gymnasts, Hemont and Rolland, had been giving performances there, and, as they wished that crowning to try some new feats, M. Austin, the proprietor, proposed that a net should be stretched beneath their apparatus. This offer was rejected, the acrobats affirming that there was positively no danger, and their refusal was the more imprudent, as Rolland had accidentally fractured his leg some three months back. The entertainment passed off very well until they came to the feat where Rolland, suspended by the legs to the bar of the trapeze, held his companion by the wrists, who, in that position went through a variety of exercises. Suddenly Rolland felt his damaged limb, only recently cured, give way, and, losing his hold, the two performers fell in a heap among the spectators. Rolland is dangerously hurt about the head and right wrist. He now lies in the hospital, while his companion has only sustained a few contusions. According to latest accounts, both are doing well, and are in a fair way of recovery.

Negro Minstrelsy.

THE QUEEN'S MINSTRELS performed at Ayr, Scotland, Jan. 30th. THE MATHEWS BROTHERS C. C. C. CHRISTY MINSTRELS closed their season at Edinburgh, Scotland, Jan. 27th.

Circuses.

MR. FARNEVER, nephew of George Wombwell, and proprietor of Wombwell's Menagerie, which was established in 1808, announces his intention of retiring from business, and offers the entire collection for sale. If not sold in one lot, the horses and harness were to have been sold at public auction, at Edinburgh, Scotland, Feb. 14th, and the animals, wagons, name, good-will, etc., about the middle of March.

WHEN THE DEN OF LIONS in Mander's Menagerie was opened for public exhibition, at Preston, Eng., on Jan. 19th, one of the lions was found dead at the bottom of the cage. It had been stabbed more than once at the time of the horrible accident to the lion tamer Massarti. Mortification of the wounded parts set in, and the death of the animal has been daily expected. It was a full grown animal, seven years of age. On Jan. 22d, some excitement and alarm arose in Mander's Menagerie, at Preston, Eng., in consequence of an attack made upon the man who was describing the animals. When he got to the den containing the lions, one of the silvery-maned lions came close to the bars, which are moderately wide, and he began patting it on the head. Directly afterwards he withdrew his hand, turned his back close to the face of the animal, and the moment he said, "This is the lion that first attacked Massarti," it struck out its paw and bit him in the face, causing blood to flow, and then fastened its claws into his coat collar, close to his neck. With difficulty he managed to get clear, when it struck its claws into the sleeve of his jacket, which it tore down, and it was with very considerable difficulty that he dragged himself from its grasp. There were several thousands of people in the place, and great excitement prevailed.

CHAPMAN'S Circus was located at Bath, Eng.....Batty's Circus commenced a season at Belfast, Ireland, Jan. 29th.....Manley's Star Circus was located at Birkenhead, Eng.....Gimnett's Circus was located at Coventry, Eng.....Manders' Menagerie was at Liverpool.....Cooke's Circus was at Manchester.....Newsome's Circus had commenced a season at Newcastle-upon-Tyne..... Adams' Grand Circus was at Norwich.

Miscellaneous.

THE TWO-HEADED NIGHTINGALE and company performed at South Shields, Eng., Jan. 26th and 27th.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.
Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT.....DIRECTOR

THREE MATINEES THIS WEEK.

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, AT 2½.
EVERY EVENING AT 8.

EXTRA MATINEE ON THURSDAY, FEB. 22, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE BIRTHDAY OF THE IMMORTAL WASHINGTON.

POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK OF THE HUMOROUS EQUESTRIAN PANTOMIME OF RIDE A JACK HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS.

ALL THE GREAT CIRCUS ARTISTS in their exciting feats of EQUESTRIAN, GYMNASTIC and ACROBATIC SKILL. 1t

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.
R. W. BUTLER.....Manager
COMPLETE CHANGE OF NOVELTY.
Engagement of the renowned comedian,
MR. M. W. FISKE,
MISS JENNIE KIMBALL,
MISS JENNIE WALTERS,
MISS KATE BRETOORT,
and MISS ALICE MAURICE,
Who will appear in the
GREAT SENSATIONAL BURLESQUE OF
BAD DICKY;
OR,
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD III.
Re-engagement of the celebrated
R. D. DAVIES,
THE PREMIER VENTRILOQUIST OF THE WORLD.
HUGHEY DOUGHERTY, ADD RYMAN,
GUS WILLIAMS, MASTER BARNEY,
GEO. H. COES, W. H. POPE,
and the
BEAUTIFUL CORPS DE BALLET.
GRAND EXTRA MATINEE
ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, AT TWO O'CLOCK.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

WALLACK'S.
EVERY EVENING until further notice, Mr. Lester Wallack's celebrated drama in six tableaux,
THE VETERAN.
This play comprises a variety of interesting plot, strong dramatic effects, domestic comedy, and
EXTENSIVE PICTURESQUE TABLEAUX, NEW SCENERY,
gorgeous and characteristic, painted from authentic sources.
COSTUMES OF THE DIFFERENT NATIONS,
varied and magnificent,
ALL NEW.
Characters by Mr. Lester Wallack, Mr. John Brougham, Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. Chas. Fisher, Mr. J. B. Polk, Mr. Charles Rockwell, Mr. G. F. Browne, Mr. W. J. Leonard, Mr. E. M. Holland, Mr. J. Peck, Mr. W. Quigley, Mrs. Clara Jennings, Miss Effie Germon, Mme. Ponisi, Miss Helen Tracy, Miss Burroughs, and the SISTERS FRANCISCHINI and SIG. NOVISSIMO.
WALLACK'S EXTRA BOX BOOK OPEN FOR A VETERAN MATINEE ON SATURDAY, FEB. 24. 47-1t

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
200th TIME! 210TH TIME!
G. L. FOX'S
HUMPTY DUMPTY.
THREE MATINEES
THIS WEEK.
WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, AT 2.
COME AND SEE ME ERE I GO.

FOX	Martens	Wilson	Kiraly	Casselli
FOX	Martens	Wilson	Kiraly	Casselli
FOX	Martens	Wilson	Kiraly	Casselli
FOX	Martens	Wilson	Kiraly	Casselli
FOX	Martens	Wilson	Kiraly	Cassell
FOX	Martens	Wilson	Kiraly	Cassell
FOX	Martens	Wilson	Kiraly	Cassell

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, THURSDAY, FEB. 22D, HUMPTY DUMPTY IN AN EXTRA PATRIOTIC MATINEE. 47-1t

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
NIBLO'S GARDEN.
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK
OF THE BLACK CROOK.
NEW AND STARTLING FEATURES.
P. T. BARNUM'S
RENOWNED 'GOAT, ALEXIS.
SPANISH MINSTRELS.
THE FAMOUS ORIENTAL SERPENT DANCE.
MLLE. PIERINA SASSI AND A LIVING ANACONDA.
THE GREAT WAJILTONS, THE YOUNG ATHLETES,
THE CLOWN DOG, THE INFANT BALLET,
THE TRAINED ANIMALS, THE ILLUMINATED FOUNTAIN,
THE CLOUD VEIL, THE BEWILDERING TRANSFORMATION.
EXTRA MATINEE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.
Monday, Feb. 26th, THE NAIAD QUEEN.
MRS. JOHN WOOD and her splendid London Burlesque Company will shortly appear.

THEATRE COMIQUE.
514 BROADWAY.
JOSH. HART.....Manager
THE GREAT NOVELTY THEATRE OF AMERICA.
SAM RICKEY.
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MONDAY AND TUESDAY EVENING, Feb. 19th and 20th,
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MY FRIEND WITH CHECKERED BREECHES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I went to "see the elephant"—
Thatis, I was "unknown,"
And wishing to investigate
All matters of renown,
I was fortunate in finding
A "friend" unknown to guile,
A friend with checkered breeches,
And a self-complacent smile.

He showed me all the wonders
From Baxter street to Wall;
He brought around his choicest friends
And introduced them all;
We had our little tete a tete,
Our choice cigars and wine;
And my friend with checkered breeches
Was quite a friend of mine.

We played a game of poker
"Just to try our hand, you know;"
But I very soon discovered
That my purse was getting low;
And it had one novel feature
That I couldn't understand,
My friend with checkered breeches
Always held the winning hand.

We took a game of faro,
And tried our luck "for greens;"
I think I still remember
What a "little lay-out" means;
For my friend with checkered breeches
Had an easy little way
Of giving me the "lay out,"
And also the outlay.

We "rolled" a game of billiards
"Just for exercise, you see,"
But this game like all the others,
Was something new to me;
And, when the game was ended,
To my wonderful surprise,
My friend with checkered breeches
Got all the exercise.

We watched a game of keno,
And tried it "just for luck,"
But I couldn't keep from thinking
How often I "got stuck;"
And distinctly I remember,
As I think upon it now,
That my friend with checkered breeches
Had all the luck somehow.

We played at three card monte,
"Just to try a little guess,"
But the limit of my wonderment
I couldn't quite express
When I found a black card lying
Where the red one ought to lie,
And my friend with checkered breeches
Was as much surprised as I.

One evening we went down town
"For a 'shake up' with the boys;"
But this delicate amusement
Had its various alloys;
For a chap they called a "peeler"
Came and laid me on the shelf,
And my friend with checkered breeches
Had the "shake up" to himself.

We won each other's watches;
And I have since been told,
That he was made of ormolu,
While mine was made of gold;
And, when I think it over,
I ought to be consoled,
For my friend with checkered breeches—
Well, he hasn't yet returned. S. A. M.

THE PROMPTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The model prompter never swears, and his face is always wreathed in smiles. The model prompter is chary of reporting delinquents who keep the stage waiting, and never copies a part for a poor actor and then reminds him that copyists receive so much per length. The model prompter never exacts forfeits, nor reprimands *ballet* girls for encroaching down the first entrance; indeed, he often surrenders his seat to the prettiest, that she may have a better view of the stage. The model prompter never leaves the prompt book in the call boy's hands while he goes out to see what o'clock it is in a neighboring saloon. The model prompter's grammar may not be always faultless, but his performance on the gongs is simply perfection. The model prompter, being only a prompter, and not a diplomatist, bows no lower to the manager's mistress as she passes behind the scenes than to the humblest *ballet* girl. The model prompter scorns to secure a copy on the sly of any theatrical manuscript entrusted to him, whereby to turn an honest penny. The model prompter would rather starve, indeed, than steal a manuscript. The model prompter, though invariably a temperance man himself, is the last person in the theatre to observe the intoxication of an artist, and never reports such a case, if possible. The model prompter is usually a fine actor, but his modesty keeps him in the shade of the prompter's box, from which he only emerges to face the footlights when suddenly called upon to replace some artist who is "indisposed." The model prompter has no time to retail gossip, scandal, and small talk, but is always provided with a pocket full of change, ready at any moment to loan a needy actor a little sum.

Seriously, though, of all the gay audience assembled within the walls of a metropolitan theatre, to witness a night's performance, how many, I wonder, ever deign a thought about the prompter behind the curtain? Just about as many, perhaps, as there are those among a boat load of excursionists who care to remember there is a pilot at the wheel silently guiding them to their destination. The prompter is generally vaguely recognized by the public as a part and parcel of the mysterious theatrical machinery. And he excites as much universal interest as the proscenium itself does, by which he stands. The uninitiated, when remembering the existence of the prompter at all, picture a misty mental vision of a man comfortably seated in a cosy arm chair, indolently holding the book of the play, and, before the rise of the curtain, lazily stretching forth his hand to give the curtain bell a jerk, and then yawning the remainder of the evening over his book, occasionally throwing the word to some actor or actress not quite *au fait* in their respective parts; meanwhile blowing a silver whistle from time to time to change the scene, but the initiated know the prompter as he really exists, know the responsibility of his thankless position, and the weary and laborious life he leads; they know when the rehearsal is over, and every member of the company is at liberty to go where they will; the prompter, too often, must remain behind to make out his scene plot, his property plot, etc., and to write any letter that may be required on the stage in the coming evening's performance; perhaps to copy a part or two, as well, and a dozen other duties of his calling too tedious to mention here. The initiated know that he is saddled with many disagreeable duties not set down in his engagement, and properly belonging to the management; perhaps to notify an actor that his services will be dispensed with after such a date; to hint to an actress her dress does not please the taste of the manager; or to suggest to a singer the omission of a song, as it doesn't "go." The prompter is the one man of the company who never has a "night off." He could never say, last winter, "I've finished in the second act, and I'll drop into Niblo's in time for the 'Naucht girl's dance.'" Nor this summer, "I am through in the third scene, and I'll see the last act of 'Elfie' at Wallack's." No, be the play what it may, the prompter must be at his post till the curtain rises and falls upon it. There is no holiday for him while the season lasts, and the treasures in the prompter, like the mangle to Mr. Mantalini, is "one infernal deg'd grind."

The *debut* of a novice is a trying ordeal to the prompter as well as the *debutant*. He watches the new hero or heroine with an anxious brow; he is at the wing where he or she makes the first entrance, and he is at another wing at the first exit, to show the bewildered novice the next place of entrance. And the prompter follows, line by line, every word uttered by the new beginner. What a pity the trembling novice cannot catch the few brief words of criticism that the prompter whispers in a friend's ear at his elbow, for his is an opinion "as is an opinion," and from his silent corner, through many successive seasons, he has witnessed many a scene not set down in the play. On the first night of a new season, as each new artist makes his or her entrance and exit, the prompter mentally checks each one off. "Ah, you'll do, you understand your business." "My friend, *you're* not the style for this 'hog;' that kind of acting won't go down *here*." "Ah, you're full of gig, a stunner." "You played in London at the Haymarket, did you? Well, I wonder they could bear to part with you; you can go back there, for you'll get your walking papers here in about two weeks." "That woman's only fit for the ballet—how her dickens did she ever get the position here?" It does not take the prompter long to learn the peculiarities of the members of the company. He soon knows the man who "sutes" through every part, and is always in need of his assistance. He soon discovers that Mr. Blank never studies much else but cues; and Mr. Somebody else, who never gives a cue; and that pest of an actor who'm it is impossible to follow in the prompt book. The prompter is a silent witness of many humors, tempers and strange passions. He should be a good judge of human nature, for he has excellent opportunities to study it—not on the stage, but behind the scenes—a little world of itself, where bloodless battles are fought, petty malice shown; where the tattler thrives, and the "School for Scandal" is played every night of the season.

The first night of a new piece is one of some anxiety to the prompter, and the first night of a show piece is a night of agony and suspense to him. The orchestra to ring in. The calls for the company. The curtain to ring up and down on every act. Warning bell to fix traps, fly borders, for trick changes, for scenes, for gas lights, for gauzes; and the dialogue on the stage to follow meanwhile, bewildered supernumeraries to hustle on the stage and frantically beckon off; giddy *ballet* girls to silence, and to keep from rushing on at the wrong moment; and to send on at the right; dozens of chattering coquettes to answer, and dozens of remarks from all sorts of people to listen to. "What scene do we go on in?" "Where do I get my spear?" "Am I come on from the right or the left?" "Can you tell me where my sister dresses?" "Oh, for God's sake, I've lost my part! let me look at the book!" "I come up a trap. How do I get under the stage?" "Is it me, now?" Crash! "They can't find the page's dress for me!" "Is it me, now?" "My dancing partner, Miss Smith, is in a faint down in the dressing room; will that am I to do?" "Is it me, *now*?" "Say, they'll have to keep that front scene; we can't set the grotto in time." "For heaven's sake, when that man comes off tell him he mustn't rant like that." "Lower those borders!" "Can you tell me if this is my helmet?" "The table shouldn't be on that side the stage." "We rehearsed it that way this morning, sir." "I tell you we didn't." "I tell you we did!" "Say, they can't work it at that trick chair!" "What the devil do you let those women make that noise for?" "Good Lord, look here, this isn't the kind of dagger I should have!" "Don't change yet, the scene ain't ready!" "There's no step-ladder for me to get up to that balcony." "Look out for those guns, now!" "Monsieur, where is it, then, I get de rosin for my shoes?" "Look out for those guns!" "See here, they've got a wood wing on in that palace scene!" "What shall I do?" I came from the other side, and I can't get across the stage now!" "Damn it all, I ought to have fire pistols!" "I can't open the door; which way does it open?" "That woman did not give me a single cue!" "Look out for those calcium lights."

And the prompter's calculating agony is a transformation scene. Agitated *belles* women to get in their pieces, agitated carpenters to direct, agitated gas men to shout to, agitated property men to yell after, and an agitated audience stamping and calling impatiently to add to the excitement, and the curtain is rung down at last, and the exhausted prompter gladly leaves the hot theatre, choking with sulphur and gunpowder and gas and burning resin, and happily breathes the purer atmosphere without once more. But the piece is a success, at least the public say so, who come pouring out of the theatre, profuse in praise and admiration of everything and everybody; even the despised supers are remembered, and it is remarked how well trained they were, and what an excellent appearance they made, and the dancers and the scenery, nothing is forgotten except the prompter; nobody thinks of him, nobody says he carried the piece through with scarcely a hitch, and the first night, too, and so much upon his hands; and the critics next morning compliment everybody, even to the carpenters, but they never give the prompter a line. Yes, the piece is a success, and there is no doubt it will have a long run. Just think of a man undergoing this prompter's experience of this night (a little mitigated, it's true) for one or two hundred consecutive nights! Truly the prompter "is worthy of his hire."

HOW BILLY WAS SOLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

We had hunted along the main concho from Kickapoo Creek to the Colorado, where we concluded to rest for the night. The game was scarce, consequently the boys had the blues. Jim Stuart, whom we called "Simpleton," seeing our party in no good humor, thought he would stir us up, for he could not rest easy while in camp unless all hands were merry. So producing a tining for our mouths, he related the following story:—

It's about two years since we passed through this place, on our way from Jefferson to the concho, and I never shall forget how Jack Ramsay sold Billy Gallagher. Now this Billy was always blowing about the time when he was out this way before. The most of the boys had never been on the frontier, and of course believed him.

He told us that the prairie dog is allied to the marmot and found on the prairies west of the Mississippi; that he burrowed in the ground, in large warrens (I think that is the name he called their villages), and that he is characterized by a sharp bark, like that of a small dog, and how he had hunted the buffalo and the antelope; and how the prairie dogs would bark at him as he would pass, then drop into their holes. In fact, one would think he had been born and raised on the prairie, and most of the boys looked upon Billy as a kind of "Buffalo Bill." Jack Ramsay used to listen to him and appeared to believe him just the same as the rest of us. This led me to look upon Billy as an old soldier, for I knew that Jack had been on the frontier for many years, until one night just before we got to the Colorado, when Jack said to me:—

"Simp, to-morrow we shall cross the river and there you may see the prairie dogs for yourself, and I think I will prove to all that Billy Gallagher never saw the prairie or its dogs, for," continued Jack, "I don't believe a word he says about his being out this way before."

Next morning we crossed the Colorado just about a mile from here; we had four companies along, and it took some time before all hands were across; so it was well on to noon before we got out on the prairie. When we did, sure enough it was as Jack said. There was the prairie covered with its dogs, and every mound had its sentinel standing guard. They would bark at us as we advanced, then drop into their holes. It was then I thought of Jack, and wondered how he intended to sell Billy. But sure enough he did. The sight of the prairie dog villages had the boys all excited, and every now and then you would hear "the sharp crack of a rifle," as they say in the "United" novels, then the dogs would drop into their holes, for you know how hard it is to shoot one with a ball.

About five in the morning we went into camp right in the middle of a dog village. We had just returned to pitch tents when Billy came into camp with a dead prairie dog in his hand; he was all smiles. "It takes an old hand to shoot one of these fellers," said he. "I plugged him in the neck with my pop at forty yards," and off for Jack Ramsay he started, to show him his prize, for he knew that Jack was an old hand at the business, and could appreciate a good shot. He told Jack how he plugged the dog (which I afterwards learned Captain Mc—— had shot). Jack took the dog out of his hand, saying:—

"Billy, you are an old hand at this kind of thing."

"You bet," was Billy's reply.

"Well, Billy," said Jack, "now leave the dog here and go put up your tent before the captain comes along; then we will talk about the dog."

Off Billy started to do what he was told, for Jack was first sergeant, and his word was law. As soon as Billy left, Jack called me and said:—"Now just watch if I don't sell him cheap."

We picked up the prairie dog and started off to a mound about fifty yards from us, and set Billy's prize on it as natural as life. Seeing Billy had his tent pitched, he called him, saying:—

"Billy, the sun is setting, and there is 'the old king prairie dog,' who always remains till last. Now, if you can get between him and the sun, you can catch him. Mind—be careful."

"I've often snatched them that way," said Billy, as he s arted for his prize, making a circuit of about two hundred yards in order to get in rear of the prairie dog.

Jack called all hands up "on the quiet" to see Billy catch the "king prairie dog." He then told them how it was the dead dog Billy had brought into camp. Billy was now in the rear of the "ally of the marmot," as he used to call them, and down on all fours. By this time the whole command had come to see what was the excitement. Jack soon told of the joke he was playing on Billy, and all hands had all they could do to keep from roaring at Billy as he crawled like a cat stealing on his prey. Now, boys, you ought to have seen the faces of that crowd trying to keep in; but the joke was too good, and Billy never "dropped" to it. Billy had a black and tan which was much attached to him. The dog was following our hero at a respectful distance. On he crept, like a thief in the long-looked for to make a "dummy." Every now and then he would turn around to his dog, shake his fist at him, and then kick out with his leg for the dog to go back, but "Nig" couldn't see it. Billy was afraid "Nig" would start his prize; so, picking up a lump of prairie clay, he pasted poor "Nig" on the snoot, which had the effect of bringing the dog to a "parade rest." Billy would not lose his prize for anything before so large a crowd, so he quietly slackened his paces as he drew near the "old king" of the prairie; he was moving slowly by inches, and almost within reach of his prize, and the crowd was still as death. Not a breath was to be heard. Billy halted and then raised his hand to grasp the "king" by the ear, when suddenly he discovered the hole in the back of the dog's neck.

Well, boys, you ought to have seen the look of poor Billy, and to have heard the shouts and yells that went up from that crowd. Billy sneaked back to his tent, without a word to say, his dog, "Nig," looking as badly sold as himself. Billy deserted that night, and we have never seen or heard of him since. Boys, you are in better humor. I am glad to see you R. E. JOICE.

"WHO GOT THE OYSTERS?"

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A rich affair happened in Philadelphia, a short time ago, which created no little amusement in the neighborhood of Pennsylvania avenue and Moore street; and, as the CLIPPER has a goodly number of readers in the vicinity, perhaps a little inkling of it might do no harm.

About two weeks ago John Stinson, the grocer, on the avenue, was presented with a bag of tip-top oysters, which were carefully deposited in his cellar. Mr. Farley, who keeps the "Constitution House," together with some friends all ripe for a joke, planned it to get possession of the bivalves. So they consulted, and so effectually helped to eat them, not dreaming they were his own. But he was not long in discovering it. Now comes the sequel:—

On Friday last another bag of oysters arrived, and the "hunters" were on hand again, working their wits as to how they should secure them. Keating was dispatched to the store for cheese, and whilst Mrs. S. was attending the call, Al. gained admittance to the cellar, and soon the coveted prize was in his grasp. Quickly he bore it across the street, deposited it in the yard of the "Constitution," and, with his face wreathed in smiles, proclaimed the joyful intelligence in the bar-room.

At this time the owner "happened in," and was invited by Mike to tarry awhile, as he had been up to the wharf and bought some fine oysters, and wished to treat the party to a trial of them.

"That suits me!" says John, and forthwith Al. went for the bag.

In the meantime, Billy Reed started for the front door, when Pete says to him:—"Hold on, Billy, won't you wait and have some oysters?"

Billy's mouth watered at once, and he sent home word "not to wait over, as I have an invitation to partake of some prime oysters." Johnson rushed across the street and requested the loan of "the *best* oyster-knife you have got, for I want to open some beauties." And Mike, to avoid littering the floor, brought in a mortar-board on which to empty the luscious shell-fish. By this time Al. had re urned with the bag, which was seized by Mike, who dragged it to the board, ripped open the end, and turned it up, when lo! out tumbled—not the "fine oysters" from Spruce street wharf—but a well-assorted lot of shells, paving-stones, etc. Al. stood aghast! Mike scratched his head, looked at the shells, then at one and another until his eye caught the form of Al. Seizing the bag again he went for him. But Al. beat a hasty retreat, and saved himself at the expense of the coffee grinder, who was knocked down by a blow from the bag in the hands of the disappointed Mike.

The sell was complete. Stinson was even with the party, and for awhile had the laugh all to himself; but soon the laugh became general, and after Johnson had returned the knife, a right merry time was had. But it don't do to say "oysters" to any of them just yet.

AN OLD LADY ON BASE BALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

We were interested in listening to a conversation between an old lady and her little grandson when a game was being played between the Red Stockings and Haymakers. It was evident that it was the first game she had ever attended; while her grandson, a bright lad of about nine years, was well posted in its intricacies. Grandmother appeared to feel a little ashamed of "such foolishness," as she called it. Yet she would frequently appeal to the boy for information on the subject, which he gave with professional accuracy, employing terms that were hopeless jargon to her evidently, for her usual remark was, "Well, that may be so, but I don't know nothin' about it."

"He caught him out!" shouted the boy, clapping his hands excitedly as the left field took in a fly.

"Caught who out?" inquired the old lady, adjusting her spectacles and scrutinizing the ground closely.

"Caught Harry Wright out."

"Well, what was Harry doin' out there if he don't want to get caught? Why didn't he stay in."

"The left field caught him out on a fly, gramma."

"Nonsense, Johnny; he couldn't get out on a fly. He might git out on a horse or a mule, but how could he git out on a fly? You better git out yourself, Johnny, I don't understand hotchin' 'bout it."

"Billy for Allison!" shouts Jonny again, "he's made a home run."

"*Where's* his home? What's he want to run home for? Why don't he stay and play it out while he's about it?"

"Look out, now, gramma; George Wright is going to bat."

"Who is he going to bat? Can't the boys play ball without going to batting each other?"

"Ha! ha! He's sent a sky-scraper and made his second base."

"What's he made of it? He made pooty fast time running, but I didn't see him makin' anything else. Who did he send the sky-scraper to—the man in the moon?"

"Sent it to the right field."

"Well, Johnny, I'm glad he didn't send it to the wrong field; but I don't know nothin' 'tall 'bout it."

"Well, there, if Andy Leonard hasn't stole a base."

"Stole a base? Spose he up and stole the base George Wright just made. Well, I've hearn say base ball was dretful demoralizin', and now I know it. They are constantly runnin' each other; they bat and they bawl; they steal bases, and make home runs when they ought to stay and attend to business, and great strappin' fellers are caught out on flies. Come, Johnny, let's go."

PHILADELPHIA, February, 1872. J. E. W.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—A curious instance of the errors to which the press is liable, occurs in a Scotch newspaper, where a bishop of the Episcopalian Church announces in regard to a Chapel in Aberdeen, that it has now got rid of "one of the greatest hindrances to the spread of the Gospel, namely," carates, the word being a misprint for pew rates, to which there is a similarity of sound.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Sentimental Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Jokes, Old Bills, Reminiscences, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSELY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BONES AS A ROYAL "JAP."

INTERLOCUTOR.—I can't conceive, Mr. Bones, what could have induced you to fix yourself up in that ridiculous fashion. You look as though you had been making an investment in some old theatrical wardrobe.

BONES.—Gamey, isn't it? De regular ting for Japan. You know de ambassadors dat's come all de way from de antipathies to inspect our institiochations?

INT.—Antipodes, sir—antipodes

BONES.—Well, de Yippodies, den. And you know dem ole feller dat dev calls de Typhoon.

INT.—You mean the Tycoon.

BONES.—Well, it's all de same. Now, while I was waitin' roun' de corner dis mornin' to see if some feller wouldn't come along dat I could get my hash money out of, I couldn't help thinkin' what a fine ting it must be to be a Jap', and what nice pickins' dey must has out of de folks dat runs arter dem ee. Den I somehow got to wish dat I was a Jap', too. Jus' den Pete Simmins comes along. "Wish you was a Jap', do you?" says he. "Dare's nothing easier. All you got to do, is to put on some old cast off clothes, plaster your face and hands wid yaller wash, and de ting's done." Dat suggest a brilliant idea. "Pete," says I, "do you want to git a stake?" "What kind o' steak," says Pete; "beef-steak, pork-steak?" "Pshaw," said I, "not dem kind o' stake. I mean a *stake* —a raise." "Course I does!" says he. "Well, den," says I, "come along wid me, and we'll fix ourselves up like a couple o' Dame yons."

INT.—Daimios, sir—Damios

BONES.—Well, anyhow, we fixed ourselves up, and smeared ourselfs wid Japan varnish.

INT.—Rather a sticky mess, that.

BONES.—We was bound to *stick somebody* before we got troo. Well, den we get a couple o' old underdrilas and start off to make a little speculation. Very soon a big crowd gadder round us. "*Hunky-punky, wunky-tum!*" said I. "We's de Japanese commissions, collectin' for de exhilization ob de Japs. *Inky-pinky-wunky-see!* Shell out!" Den Pete, he hold out his hat, and de way de posinge stamps roll in—hey, what! Bime-by we comes to de St. Nicholas Hotel, and dere we reared our necks. Oh de books, and says de genimanly clerk, says he, "What's your bagnidge?" "It's comin' right along wid de oder fellers," says Pete, and wid dat we order dinner. By dat time it had got around dat de Jap's had arrive, and dere was a right smart crowd. So I tole Pete dat make his 'pearance, "bossy, wha'am a dose ob castor oil like a pickpocket?" He look surprise. "Because," says I, "it goes through a feller." He went off in a hurry. Eby waiter dat come we tax one dollar for attendance, and de little Japs and bime-by de presents come rollin' in—watches, rings, breastpins, jewelry, all kinds. All de pooty women gib us a kiss, and one hung onto Pete's face so long dat I tought she was makin' a meal of him. "Dat die woman off," says I, in a fit of jealousy. And I found on lookin' dat she'd *stuck to de varnish*. Fact! Took a pail o' bilin' water to unglue her. "Say, old cove," spoke up one of de waiters, "put me down as a contributor in de cause." "I'm puttin' down, sah," says I, "and goin' off laughin' and I hear him lafin' all de way down stairs. He was a damn fraud, he was; left a bad five dollar bill and took away a good four dollars in change. Well, bime by in come Barnum. He rush in embrace me like a tenpenny nail to a magnet. "*Hi-ho-tooperywoppery-punk!*" said I, salutin' him. "What does de great showman want of us?" "To make an engagement," says de ole feller, right off. "I mean business. I see de country. I'm de chap can show it to you, and it shan't cost you nuffin, and I'll pay you besides." "Hair salary in advance," said I, holdin' out my hand. "All right," said he, pungling. "By de way," said he, "am you de Typhoon?" "I ain't nuder," said I. "Nober mind," said he, "you're *my-card-O!*" and wid dat he wamus. Den one fellar dat claim to be connected wid de Japs, he spoke up, and ax me a heap of questions in some jaw-breakin' langwidge. Dat kind o' me. And wid dat says he, "Oh dem ain't no Japs; dem's a couple o' bilks from Baxter street." Dat got my bile up, and I went at him wid a lot o' hog Latin. He couldn't make nothin' of it, of course. Den I says I, "A-hat can't speak his own language, he's a very sort o' feller to talk about Japan!" Wid dat dey all laff, and hustle him out on de room 'Bout dat crisis, Pete and I 'alude it was gettin' time to leave, and we sireaked it for home on de double quick, and now, if anybody wants to sell out a side show, or a menagerie, or anyting, I'm in de market.

INT.—And now we'll hear how

JENNIE IS WAITING FOR ME.

BY GEO. A. PENNOCK.

The sun is fast hiding its beautiful face,
The moon will soon leap in the sky.
Sweet little stars will be seen peeping down,
To remind me the hour is nigh
When I must meet, Jennie, thine dear little maid,
In the cool shady nook on the sea.
Oh, I must not linger here very long,
For Jennie is waiting for me.
Chorus.—Jennie, Jennie, my little Jennie,
Living alone by the sea,
I'll soon be with you, sweet little Jennie,
I know you are waiting for me.

The moon is now peeping over the hill,
To lighten the pathway for me.
Oh, I'll soon be with you, my sweet little maid,
For I can hear the deep roar of the sea,
Meet me to-night, darling, with that bright, sunny smile,
And a laugh that is joyous and free:
I see you now, darling, there in the door,
My Jennie is waiting for me.
Chorus.—Bright little fairy, etc.

PHILADELPHIA, January, 1872.

OLD THEATRICALS IN PHILADELPHIA.

From Mr. Thompson Westcott's "History of Philadelphia," now being published in the *Sunday Dispatch*, of that city, we copy the following interesting facts concerning theatricals in Philadelphia during the "times that tried men's souls," when the British were in occupation of the city:—

The most popular source of recreation was furnished in theatrical performances. The old South Street Theatre was taken possession of. Its orchestra seats were removed, and preparations were made to render it an attractive place of recreation during the winter. An advertisement was inserted in the *Pennsylvania Ledger* in December for a person well versed in accounts to act as clerk and vice treasurer of the theatre, and all persons who had been employed at the playhouse were notified that they could again get employment there. The theatrical library of these martial Thespians was rather scanty, as the list of January 1st, 1777, advertising a copy of the comedy of "The Wonder; or, Woman Keeps a Secret," which seems to have been afterwards procured. The house opened on the 19th of January. The following was the introductory announcement:—

"The Theatre, by permission of Sir William Howe, and the army, on Monday next, the 19th inst., will be represented, at the theatre in Southwark, a comedy called "No One's Enemy But his Own" and "The Deuce Is In Him." The characters by the officers of the army and navy. Tickets to be had in the upper gallery; gallery, half a dollar. Tickets to be had of the printer, at the Coffee House; at the Pennsylvania Farmer, New Market; and of Mr. Smith, at his office, in Front street, below the Drawbridge, and a few doors below Peter Stretch. Also at Captain Richardson's, at the Sign of the Grand Walnut, and the Turk's Head, Water, between Race and Vine streets."

The following announcement of the prologue which was spoken on the occasion was shortly afterwards made in the *Pennsylvania Ledger*:—"The theatre opened in Southwark by a society of gentlemen of the army and navy, for the laudable purpose of raising a supply for the widows and orphans of those who have lost their lives in his Majesty's service, as well as for such other generous charities as their funds may enable them to perform, the following

PROLOGUE

was delivered by a gentleman of the army:—

Once more ambitious of theatric glory,
Hope's strolling company appear before ye:
O'er hills and dales and bogs, through wind and weather,
And many a hair-breadth 'scape, we've scrambled hither;
For we true vagrants of the Thespian race,
While summer lasts never know a settled place.
Anxious to prove the merits of our band,
A chosen squadron wanders through the land.
How beats each Yankee bosom at our drum!
"Hark, Jonathan! sounds, drive the rogues come in!"
Spruced up with topknots and their Sunday dress,
With eager looks the maidens round us press.
"Jemima, see; ain't this a charming sight?
Look, Tabitha! what a fine regimental sight!"
Winged with variety our moments fly,
Each minute tinctured with a different dye.
Balls we have plenty, and at *times* too,
Such as Soho or King street never knew.
Did you but see sometimes how we're arrayed,
You'ls fancy we designed a masquerade.
Would the your patience we were to relate here
Our routs, orums, hurricanes and *fetes champetres*.
Let Ranelagh still boast her ample dome,
While heaven's our canopy, the earth's our room.
Still let Vauxhall with lamps illuminate its grove,
And glut her shades with artificial day.
In lofty terms old, vaunting Sadler's Wells
Of her tight-rope and ladder-dancing tells;
But C——e in both excels
Now winter—— Hark! and I must not say no.
But soft! a word or two before I go:
Benevolence first urged us to engage
And boldly venture on the stage,
To guard the helpless orphan's tender years,
To wipe away the afflicted parent's tears;
To soothe the sorrows of the widow's breast,
To lull the friendless bosom's cares to rest—
This our design; and sure, in such a cause,
E'en Error's self might challenge some applause.
With candor then our imp-rfections scan,
And where the actor fails, absolve the man.

*Ball rings.

The allusion to Cunningham, the brutal provost marshal, whose "tight-er" dangling from a rallows, had grasped many a patriot's neck, shows how lightly these gay officers viewed the outrages and barbarities of war.

The authorship of this prologue has been ascribed to Major John Andre.

On the 26th the company of officers acted, "for a public charity," the comedy of "The Minor" and "The Deuce Is In Him." The following curious announcement was made at the bottom of the bills:—

No money will be on any account taken at the door. Gentlemen are earnestly requested not to attempt to *bribe the doorkeepers*. The forlorn hope demands the slippers of the doorkeeper, but the doorkeeper and forced his way into the house, is desired to send to the office of the theatre, Front street, so that it may be returned.

The following plays were acted by this military troupe:—Feb. 16th, "The Constant Couple" and "The Mock Doctor." March 2d, "The Constant Couple" and "The Mock Doctor." March 7th, "The Inconstant" and "The Mock Doctor," after which, an exhibition of fireworks. March 16th, "The Inconstant" and "Lethe." March 21st, "Henry IV"—first part—and "The Mock Doctor." March 30th, "Henry IV" and "Lethe." April 10th, "The Wonder" and "A Trip to Scotland." On the 13th of April it was announced that, in consequence of the week being Passion Week, it was thought proper to postpone the play until April 17th, and that two plays should be performed during the next week. April 24th, "The Wonder" and "The Mock Doctor." May 1st, "The Lady" and "A Trip to Scotland." On the 2d of May an advertisement was published requesting the loan of "Douglass" and "The Citizen" for the use of the theatre. On the 4th of May "The Lady" and "Duke or no Duke." The plays which on the 3d of May were requested through the newspapers were obtained, and on the 19th of May "Douglass" and "The Citizen" were both performed. They were the last performances, for one time only, during the war; the play had to be postponed—"on account of the sickness of one of the actresses." Miss Hyde, a professional performer, acted in the same pieces with the officers. The officers who performed were most probably the same who appeared in the "Grand Federal Procession general of the royal army in America, was the manager in that city. His "Mock Doctor" was considered a fine performance; and as the company appeared in that piece, no doubt Dr. Hammond took the part. Lieutenant Colonel Simcoe, Major Stirling and Captain Oliver Delancey. Charles Durang, in his "Reminiscences of the Philadelphia Stage," says of them:—

"They added some very useful and beautiful scenes to the old stock. One scene, from the "Inconstant," deserves notice. It was a landscape, presenting a distant champagne country and a winding rivulet extending from the front of the picture to the extreme distance. In the foreground and centre was a gentle ascent over a hill, ornamented with so many trees as to appear like a majestic forest trees. The prospective was excellently preserved; the foliage, verdure and general coloring artistically toned and glazed. The subject of this scene and its treatment was eminently indicative of the peculiar and well-fixed Major's mind—ever running in a calm and harmonious mood.

"It was a drop scene, and hung about the middle of the third entrance, as called in stage directions. The name of Andre was inscribed in large black letters on the back of the scene, put on by his own hand on its completion, as is sometimes the custom with scenic artists. It was burnt, with the rest of the scenery, at the destruction of the theatre in 1821. It would have been a precious relic at the present day for its artistical associations.

"Poor Andre little thought, while he was painting that scene, that in a few short years after cards it would be used in a national play written on the subject of his capture and death. It was so used in the summer of 1817—on the 4th of July—at the old South Street Theatre, as representing the pass on the banks of the Hudson river where he was taken by the three militia-men. It was the only suitable scene in the house which would answer for the locality without painting one expressly for it. The piece had no merit as a drama, and was only connected for holiday occasions. It was a sort of hybrid affair—part song in dialogue and pantomime, full of Yankee notions and patriotic slap-traps. It became immensely popular and applause of a crowded house, I well remember, rewarded the company's efforts."

LEARNED ELEPHANT.—"That's a very knowing hanimal of yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant. "Very," was the cool rejoinder. "He performs strange tricks and hanticks." "Does he?" said the cockney, eyeing the animal through his glass. "Surprising," retorted the keeper; "we've learnt him to put money in that box you see away up there. Try him with half-a-crown." The cockney handed one to the elephant; sure enough he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach. "Well, that's very hextraordinary—hanimals truly! Now let us see him take it out and hand it back." "We never learnt him that," returned the keeper with a roguish leer, and then turned to stir up the monkeys and pore the hyenas.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

"THE OLD, OLD STORY, TOLD AGAIN."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

There's no use, Mary, in raising a row,
What I've said I mean! isn't end this now
Come listen to reason! "You can't?" Very well,
But don't you begin that old story again.
"Of a broken heart, and a shipwrecked fame,
And me driven from fast down to hell."

There's no use, Mary, in wringing your hands.
Do you hear? Great Lord, just see how she stands;
There, there, don't begin again pacing the floor;
Now, don't look at me, Mary, with that awful face,
For I swear, if you do, I'll walk out of this place,
So just stand with your back from that door.

There's no use, Mary, you can't be my wife;
Pshaw! you ought to know better at your time of life,
Thus to put faith in what any man swears;
You didn't I promise to make you my wife?"
Why, you fool, if I did; come, put down that knife,
Let's have none of your tragedy airs!

Now, what's the use, Mary, of fighting against fate,
This must have come, first or last, sooner or late;
Do listen to reason, don't cry so hard.
"Devoted and faithful to me all these years?"
Yes, Mary, you love; so wipe off those tears,
For too good to be shed for such a blackguard.

There's no use, Mary, to kneel at my feet,
Good lord! Good lord! If this isn't a treat
To be loved in this desperate way:
Ha, after I'm married, I'll still be your friend,
By George, that I will, but always your friend.
——Fast hearts, poor thing, what I say.

There's no use to rouse her, till I get away;
When she asks for me then, why, Nan, best say
I'm coming re more; it's no use to lie:
That face, Nan, will haunt me for many a day;
She looks just like dead, stretched out in that way.
Hush! she's moving now, Nan, so I'm off an I good bye.

BAMBINO.

A COURAGEOUS LASS.

TWO MALE TRESPASSERS IN HER DORMITORY.

HOW SHE DESERVEDLY TREATED THEM.

Miss Amelia R. Purvis, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., was awakened at 12 o'clock on the night of Feb. 16th by a noise at her bedroom window. Looking in that direction she observed one man crawling into her room, closely followed by another. Instead of giving the traditional scream, Miss Purvis remained perfectly quiet and awaited developments. The first man crept stealthily under her bed. The second man got down to her room door and began to examine it. Miss Purvis slipped out of bed, seized a bay rum bottle and smashed it over the intruder's head. He dropped. She gathered him up by the hair, and dragged him to the window. Not a word was spoken. The fellow under this mode of treatment recovered his senses and leaped out. The scoundrel under the bed did not stir. He no doubt believed the prospect of ingress at the point of a quiet dark, and she wandered about for a few moments. Just then two men accosted her, and violently threw her to the ground and succeeded in committing a rape upon her. In the violent and determined resistance with which the frantic woman opposed her assailants, her clothing was almost entirely torn from her person. A money belt, which contained about $200 in French coin, and which she wore about her waist, was also torn to the ground, and the money was taken. The unfortunate victim was abandoned and left insensible on the roadside. She subsequently found her way to a small house on Beck's run, occupied by a coal miner named Nicholas Yost, who gave her shelter through the night. Mr. Yost notified Justice Heisel, who in turn summoned Officer Dressler, the county detective. The officer has been working up the case ever since, but, as yet, has failed to gain a clue to the perpetrators. Yesterday morning Mr. Heisel and Dr. Arnholts visited the victim at Yost's house, and found that she is seriously injured and that she is hopelessly insane. The family of Mr. Yost is large, and as he is a poor man, it is hoped that the authorities will make some provision for the unfortunate woman. It is more than likely that if the relative of Miss Fisher is not soon heard from, an application will be made to commit her to one of the Dix-mont Asylum. It is hoped that a clue may yet be obtained to the perpetrators of this fiendish outrage, that they may be brought to justice. There is great excitement in the vicinity and on the South Side over this brutal outrage.—*Pittsburg Dispatch, Feb.* 16.

SEDUCTION, ABORTION AND DEATH.

The coroner was summoned on the 7th inst., to hold an inquest on the remains of a girl who had died suddenly on the previous evening, at No. 846 State street. He repaired to the place, and found that the death, though in a measure unlooked for, had occurred from natural causes. As the case was one not requiring his official investigation, he paid no particular attention to it, and did not learn the name of the deceased. It would appear that the poor girl's life was one of continual suffering and sorrow. Her name was Mary Bartlett, and her age nineteen. She came to this city alone and friendless about two years since, expecting to get some employment, which would enable her to support her widowed mother, at that time residing in a small village in the interior of the state. At first she succeeded, but after a few months, work failed, and she was thrown upon the world without a dollar. To add to her miseries, her mother died about the same time, and was buried by strangers, without a friend to attend her remains to the grave. Finding that it was impossible to live without sacrificing her honor, Mary applied for admission to the Home for the Friendless. Her request was granted and she remained there a few months. One day a wealthy lady visited the Home in search of a young girl who would act as nurse in her family. She took a fancy to Mary and engaged her. After about a month's residence in the family the girl became acquainted with the son of her benefactress,

base Pike is the man selected, at which he has played very finely, although left-handed. Higham has been appointed to fill third base, and as he is familiar with infield play he may succeed there; but we should have preferred Fisher, as he is accustomed to facing hot balls from the cat and is a quick thrower; besides which, Higham would play better in the out-field.

As short stop they have Radcliffe, who excelled in the Athletic nine last season. In the out-field they are very strong. York being a fine out-fielder, and Geo. Hall has no superior in general fielding skill at centre field. Fisher is appointed to play right field and Carey tenth man. The latter's play we know little of, having seen him but in one or two matches.

In batting still the nine is quite strong, Higham, Mills, Pike and Radcliffe excelling in handing the ash. The team is spoken of as likely to be one unusually harmonious in working together, a great element of success. Steady, every day practice, is also a requisite to success; not simply throwing or batting the ball about in objectless games, but really beneficial training, such as the Red Stockings had and have. The Baltimore club have fine grounds, and the organization has the repute of being under the control of gentlemen who will not countenance any of the usual objectional surroundings of professionalism.

THE MARCH CONVENTIONS.

The action of the members of the amateur association at their meeting in this city last December, in adjourning over until after the meeting of the professional association in Cleveland in March next, has thrown the onus of preparing the playing rules for the season of 1872 on the professional convention. It therefore becomes the duty of the professional association to take every care not only to make their convention in its character and proceedings entitled to the respect of the entire fraternity, but to see to it that a full consideration be given to the question of amending the rules so as to benefit the fraternity at large, and not solely to advantage the small minority of professional clubs at the cost of the best interests of the clubs in general. Another important matter is to take such action as will ensure a perfectly harmonious meeting. It should be remembered that hitherto the association has been working under a merely nominal organization, uncontrolled by any really existing constitution; and hence if its rules and regulations have not been obeyed, or if any laxity of observance of such of its special laws as have been in operation has marked the action of the clubs belonging to it—as undoubtedly has been the case—it would not be equitable to inflict penalties for such conduct under the circumstances of such an informal condition of things as have existed in connection with the association. In other words, if one club or another have special complaints to make in regard to any infringement of the rules, we say to each and all let such complaints be ignored this time, and let all wipe their individual scores of grievances against each other off the slate and date all their accounts of debt and credit from the day of this coming convention, and of the adoption of a regular code of rules governing every professional club in the country. It is this spirit, and this only, that a successful and creditable issue of the coming convention can be arrived at.

The business to be transacted is: first, to adopt a permanent constitution and by-laws; secondly, to fix upon a general code of playing rules as nearly applicable to all clubs as possible; and lastly, to arrange a special code of laws governing the contests for the existing championship streamer. The shorter and more simple the constitution, the better it will be observed. It should include stringent rules against every phase of revolving; proper laws governing the action of clubs towards their employees, as well as rules applicable to players in their engagements with clubs, and if possible some law which shall preclude a possibility of "hippodroming." The professional clubs, too, would act wisely if they were to combine in frowning down—if they cannot prohibit—the objectionable custom of allowing pool auctions on their grounds, the evil influences of which was made plainly apparent during the season of 1871. The managers and organizers of professional clubs should bear in mind the important fact that all betting ring arrangements and betting pools are the source and life of "hippodroming." When men become accustomed to the business of betting, and invest in large sums on the result of a series of contests through the season, they do not, as a rule, hesitate at adopting any means to win their money that they can indulge in with any degree of impunity. Hence the step from heavy betting to fraudulent "hippodroming" is an easy one. The custom of pool selling is defended on the grounds that it promotes square business in betting. Ostensibly it may do so, but in reality it facilitates "hippodroming," by enabling parties to enter into combinations for fraud with greater ease; besides which, its demoralizing effects on the players in a contest were fully demonstrated last season. Club managers must also remember that gate receipts depend largely, if not entirely, upon the confidence the patrons of the game have in the legitimacy of the contest they pay to witness. Thousands of people can be readily induced to pay their half dollar admission fee to witness what they anticipate will be an exciting contest between two rival organizations determined to do or die in the struggle for the championship streamer; while on the other hand, if even assured of a fine exhibition of playing skill, but uncertain of a legitimate effort to win on the part of either, but comparatively few would attend a match. In professional base ball playing experience has fully shown that the old adage of "honesty is the best policy" is the one to be observed, and the one most likely to conduce to the pecuniary advantage of the clubs which practically adopt it. Bearing these important facts in mind, it should be the policy of the forthcoming convention to take such action in their adoption of their constitution and by-laws as will ensure to the patrons of the professional clubs perfectly legitimate games this season. Let there be no such questionable contests in this respect as marked the season of 1871. Unfortunately for the interests of the game, the proof of fraudulent collusion in a base ball match is too difficult to arrive at to ensure the exposure that such a clear case of fraud as the Wanzley case at Hoboken warranted and occasioned. The check upon such a class of contests, however, is to be found in the loss of public confidence in the club which is suspected of it, and with such loss the sacrifice of a concurrent amount of gate receipts. All the rules which could be laid down would not be as potent in checking the evil of "hippodroming" as the one telling custom of refusing to attend the games of the club suspected of indulging in it. Let no law be on the statute books but what can be strictly enforced. Have your official judiciary bodies ready organized and their regulations so framed as to admit of a prompt infliction of the existing penalty. Let the rules of the association governing the intercourse of the professional clubs one with the other, be so worded as to encourage all to follow the worthy example of those of the professional organizations who seek only legitimate objects in creating their clubs. This being done, let the code of playing rules of the game be then attended to, and then for the first time for many years past we shall see a creditable association governing the fraternity. In regard to the amateur conventions, they have little else to do than to organize, adopt the entire code of playing rules of the professional convention with such trifling modifications as the difference in the status of the players of the two associations shall call for, and then adjourn *sine die*.

PROSPECT PARK vs. CAPITOLINE.

On Thursday, Feb. 15th, the first regular match this year at base ball on the ice took place on the Capitoline lake, Brooklyn, N. Y., the contestants being the Prospect Park and Capitoline tens, in the first of a series between them. The weather was cold and windy, but the ice was in good condition and the two clubs were strongly represented. Pearce, of the Mutuals; Ferguson, J. Hall, Brown and Kenny, of the Atlantics; Geo. Hall, of the Baltimore club, and Wood, of the Stars, taking part in the contest on behalf of the Capitoline. The Park ten was composed of good skaters, but of amateur ball tossers, and hence the Caps had the advantage.

Play was called at 3.28, with the Park ten at the bat, but Ferguson's pitching and Pearce's catching led to their retirement in one, two, three order, Wood making a good catch. On the other side the Caps scored three runs by the base hits of Ferguson, Pearce, Wood and Grenevelt, Dunn fielding well behind the bat, and Titterton making a good catch.

In the second innings, after two men were out and no run in, Ferguson gave Hall a chance to put his opponent out, which was not taken advantage of, and the result was, that after the Parkites had escaped a whitewash they batted well for 4 runs, Good, Lane and Titterton making base hits; Pearce putting the side out on strikes, the pitching being very effective. On the "Cap" side they offset this score with no less than 11 runs, their batting being first class, the ball—and it was quite a soft one—being sent over the ice in a style which gave the Park ten lively work in the field. In this innings Kenny struck out twice, and Pearce was caught by Stewart, all of the Capitoline ten making base hits except Kenny, who played poorly both at the bat and in the field. This left the totals at 14 to 4 in favor of the "Caps," and the game in a one-sided position.

In the third innings Dunn, of the Park ten, retired and Benton came in. Campbell playing behind the bat. In this innings, after the Parkites had again escaped a whitewash, they got into batting and ran up a score of 6 runs, Titterton and Delano batting well; the fielding errors being numerous, even bound catches being missed in the outer field. On the other side the Caps scored three runs, which left the score at 17 to 10. In the fourth innings the villagers scored a single and the Caps a blank, and by errors the Park ten added 4 runs to their score in the fifth innings, leaving the totals at 15 to 17 only; but the Caps added 6 to their score, and closed the game with the totals of 23 to 15 in their favor. Of the Prospect Park ten, Campbell, Dunn, Stewart and Titterton were good in their several positions, the latter leading at the bat. On the Capitoline side, Pearce bore off the palm by putting out nine players, Wood leading at the bat. The score:—

Prospect.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	Capitoline.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.
Oxley, p	0	0	0	0	Ferguson, p	3	1	1	1
Dunn, c	1	0	4	1	Pearce, c	2	3	7	2
Gilhan, s. s	0	0	1	1	Kenny, r. f	0	0	0	0
Stewart, 3d b	1	0	3	0	Wood, 3d b	4	1	1	0
Good, 1 f	3	1	0	0	Decker, 1 f	3	1	0	0
Delano, c f	1	0	0	0	Grenevelt, c f	3	1	0	0
Lane, r f	3	1	1	0	Williamson, r f	3	3	0	0
Titterton, r s	3	3	1	0	J. Hall, c s	3	3	0	1
Campbell, 1st b	1	0	7	0	G. Hall, 1st b	3	2	4	0
Benton, 2d b	1	1	0	0	Brown, 2d b	3	3	1	0
Totals	15	7	15	1	Totals	27	16	15	5
Innings.						1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Prospect						0	4	1	1	—15
Capitoline						3	11	3	0	—23

Umpire—Mr. Burdock. Time of game—1 hour and 35 minutes.

EMPIRE CLUB RECORD.

The following is the record of this club, champions of Missouri, for 1871:—

April 22, Empire vs. Chicago	5 to 34
June 4, Empire vs. Active, of Chelsea, Iowa	37 — 7
July 20 Empire vs. Lone Star, New Orleans	6 — 7
Aug. 15, Empire vs. Star, St. Louis	30 — 20
Sept. 16, Empire vs. Varieties, St. Louis	23 — 7
Sept. 17, Empire vs. Leclede, St. Louis	70 — 33
Sept. 20, Empire vs. Southern, New Orleans	16 — 7
Sept. 21, Empire vs. Robt. E. Lee, New Orleans	20 — 5
Sept. 23, Empire vs. Crescent, New Orleans	19 — 10
Sept. 24, Empire vs. Lone Star, New Orleans	15 — 6
Sept. 26, Empire vs. Leclede, Ft. Louis	74 — 47
Oct. 2, Empire vs. Varieties, St. Louis	41 — 12
Oct. 12, Empire vs. Picked Nine, St. Louis	30 — 14
Oct. 19, Empire vs. Star, St. Louis	44 — 7
Totals	436 — 236

The following are the batting and fielding statistics of the club for 1871:—

	Games.	Runs.	First B. H.	Av.	Total B. H.	Av.
A. Wirth	12	37	36	3 4-12	40	4.45
H. Little	11	27	25	2 3-11	25	2.17-11
T. Oran	12	37	35	2 11-12	35	2.11-12
R. Duncan	11	26	20	1 9-11	31	2.9-11
J. Schlemper	10	23	22	2 2-10	31	3.1-10
T. Murray	12	41	39	3 4-12	40	3.4
J. Spaulding	12	31	31	2 9-12	40	3.9-12
J. Barron	11	37	30	2 7-11	40	3.7-11
F. Waterman	6	25	24	5 60	30	5.0
W. Gorman	5	15	15	3.0	24	4.4.5
T. Welsh	5	11	11	2 1-10	21	4.1-5
Others		137	91		136	

	Games.	P. O.	Ass't.
A. Wirth	12	35	7
H. Little	11	27	27
T. Oran	12	37	33
R. Duncan	11	24	30
J. Schlemper	10	15	7
T. Murray	12	9	...
J. Spaulding	12	37	31
J. Barron	11	22	24
F. Waterman	6	66	6
W. Gorman	5	14	5
T. Welsh	5	44	5
Others		30	23

ARTHUR CUMMINGS vs. THE HAYMAKER CLUB.

THE PITCHER APOLOGISES AND IS RELEASED BY THE HAYMAKERS.

Having published Mr. Cummings' card, giving his statement of the difficulty between him and the Haymaker Club, of Troy, we now present the other side of the story, as follows:—

TROY, February 12th, 1872.

TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.—MR. EDITOR.—Justice to the Union Base Ball Club, of Troy, seems to require that the card of W. A. Cummings, which appeared in your journal a short time since, should not pass unnoticed. I therefore ask your indulgence for the publication of the following brief statement of the facts in the case. Mr. Cummings seeks to relieve himself of the opprobrium which attaches to his transactions in the matter, on account of his wilful and avowed violation of his written contract, by accusing the Haymaker directors of dishonorable conduct in not meeting the terms of their engagement with him. Now let us see. On the 26th of September last Mr. L. Pike, one of our members, who was in Brooklyn, with instructions from the executive officers of our club to secure the services of Cummings as pitcher for the season of 1872, telegraphed to us as follows:—"Will you advance three hundred dollars? Will sign right away. Answer. Waiting." To this we replied:—"Have him sign the papers, send them up, and we will send check." The contract, of which we append a copy, was accordingly signed.

"COPY OF CONTRACT."

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT between the Union Base Ball Club, of Troy, and W. Arthur Cummings, of the city of Brooklyn.

Witnesseth.—The said W. Arthur Cummings hereby covenants and promises to faithfully work and labor for the said Union Base Ball Club, to play base ball and other athletic games, and with, or for no other person, body, or association whatsoever, for the term of one year, commencing on the fifteenth day of November, eighteen hundred and seventy-one, and ending on the fifteenth day of November, eighteen hundred and seventy-two, for which labor and services the said Union Base Ball Club agree to pay the said W. Arthur Cummings the sum of two thousand dollars, in twelve equal payments, payable at the end of each and every month. The said W. Arthur Cummings further agrees to faithfully obey all orders which may be issued by said club or its officers, and to hold himself subject to all rules and regulations which are now in existence, or may be hereafter established by said club or its officers, for the conduct of himself or its nine, or of the members of said club, until the expiration of said term of service. The said W. Arthur Cummings promises and hereby agrees to comport himself in a quiet, sober, gentlemanly and proper manner at all times. A violation of any of the terms of this contract will nullify the whole, if the said club so desire and order.

In witness whereof the said Union Base Ball Club, by its president, and the said W. Arthur Cummings, have hereunto set their hands and seals this twenty-sixth day of September, eighteen hundred and seventy-one.

[Seal.] JAMES H INGRAM, W. A. CUMMINGS.

Witnesses { LIPMAN PIKE. SIDNEY C. SMITH.

[Stamp.]

On the 29th of September Mr. Pike returned to Troy with the contract, and handed it to me in the presence of the president of the club. At the same time Pike remarked:—"Cummings wants four hundred dollars in advance. He says he owes the Star Club and other parties some money, which he or desires to pay before they learn of his having signed papers to play with us. We immediately replied, we will give him the four hundred dollars, and we intended to send a check down the same evening; but during the afternoon I received the following telegram, dated Sept. 29th. "Send both contracts, so I can see if they compare." Signed, W. A. Cummings. This dispatch, coming so soon after the agreement was made, looked ominous, and it appeared to me that something was wrong. I thought I could discover the nail behind the meal bag, and determined that I should not be caught nappine. I concluded to hold the papers and the money until I should see Mr. Cummings myself, having already made arrangements to take the club to New York on the evening of Oct. 1st, just three days after the telegram from Cummings was received. Accordingly I sent word to Cummings to meet me at Mr. J. Pike's on the 3d of October, at 10 A. M. We met, and I then and there tendered him the four hundred dollars. He refused to accept the money on the plea that he first wanted to take the contract and copy home and show them to his wife to satisfy her that they were both alike. By questions in regard to the reason for Mr. Cummings' desire to get hold of the papers we then fully confirmed. The dodge was altogether "too thin," for I had heard that Reach and Porter, of the Philadelphia Athletics had been in New York several days, and that something was out of "kilter" with Cummings. I did not, therefore, surrender the papers as he desired, but handed the original contract to Mr. J. Pike and the copy to Mr. Cummings. Mr. Pike read aloud the contract, and Cummings the copy, and when the reading was finished, Cummings declared that they were alike. We then parted, but made an appointment to meet again at the same place at 12 o'clock.

I was on hand at the appointed time, and waited for over an hour for Cummings, but he failed to put in an appearance. Thinking that he might call and demand the money while I was at the Union grounds with the club, I determined to be prepared for him, and in no way to give him the chance to make the lame excuse or trump up the false charge which he has so maliciously put forth in his card, that our club had not kept their word with him. I therefore left the money with Mr. Pike, with instructions to give it to Cummings should he call, and take his receipt for the same. But he did not call, and in the evening Mr. Pike called on him and offered him the money, which he again refused, saying at the same time that he would not go to Troy anyway; that he was going to Philadelphia to pitch for the Athletics. Now all this happened within five days after the signing of the contract, and yet the boy Cummings has the brazen effrontery to say that the Haymakers offered him no money, and to accuse them of breaking their contract with him. According to the terms of the contract Mr. Cummings was engaged for one year, commencing on the 15th of November, 1871, and ending on the 15th of November, 1872; his salary to be paid in monthly instalments at the end of each and every month. No provision whatever was made in the contract for any advance money. That part of the business was by verbal agreement, in order to accommodate Cummings and keep him out of debt, which the Haymakers were ready to fulfill, as I have already shown.

On the 9th of October, some five weeks before the time of service stated in the contract should commence, Cummings wrote us a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

"GENTLEMEN.—I hereby give you notice that you will have to get another pitcher for the season of 1872, as you cannot expect me to keep my contract after you broke yours, and considering that the Union Club is in debt about $4,000, I would have no hopes of getting my salary, and I wish you to distinctly understand that I will not play with your club under any consideration."

Signed, W. A. CUMMINGS.

Had this letter, under the same circumstances, been written by a man with brains, it might justly be considered as adding insult to injury, but coming from the fickle-minded youth who penned it, its only effect was to provoke a smile or awaken pity and contempt for its weak and imbecile author. What right had he to question the ability of the Haymakers to pay him his salary? Our club is an incorporated institution, with ample resources to discharge honorably all its indebtedness. Any one of its officers could pay every dollar of the salary of the best player in the country. The time had not yet arrived for him to test either our ability or our willingness to pay him. Had he adhered to the terms of his contract, and appeared here after the first month's engagement to claim his salary, we would have demonstrated our ability and determination to fulfil our part of the contract by promptly handing over his month's wages. After all his efforts and manœuvres to most effectually routed from every refuge in which he sought to cover up his treachery with us, it would seem that this pitcher, Cummings, ought to have known better than to try to gull the base ball fraternity, and wipe out the ignominy of his vacillating conduct by the publication of his silly card, every statement of which he has been made to completely swallow. We were willing to release Cummings, in order that he might make an engagement with the Atlantics, provided they organized this season as a professional club; but the Atlantics, it seems, did not want to engage him. The Mutuals, however, did seek his services, and Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Davidson, of the Mutual Club, appealed to us to give Cummings his papers and let him go. We did not feel disposed to do this until an apology was offered. We wanted an apology to go on record with his card for future reference, as we did not wish to be misrepresented before the public in this matter. This demand of ours, coupled with the assurance that in case it was not complied with we would be under the necessity of immediately expelling him, produced the following letter, which is its own commentary, and needs no explanation on our part:—

COPY.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 5th, 1872.

GENTLEMEN.—Your letter to Mr. Davidson, secretary of the Mutual B. B. C., of New York, of the 15th inst., has been handed me in which you state my papers and release will be sent him, provided I make a suitable apology &c. Desiring to become a member of the Mutual Club, and being anxious to remove all obstacles that may exist, I will endeavor to comply with your request. I had no personal objection against playing with the Haymaker Club. My family were very much opposed to my leaving Brooklyn. I feel grateful for the courtesy you extend in your letter in regard to my release, and most cheer fully offer my sincere apology for any of my actions that have been construed by you, gentlemen, as an insult to the Haymaker Club. I assure you, gentlemen, I thought I was right. I wish to deal honorably, and trust you may so construe my motives, and do earnestly hope the whole matter may be forgotten and forgiven. I remain yours, respectfully,

W. A. CUMMINGS.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have made the above statement solely for the purpose of vindicating the Haymaker Club against the false charge of having acted dishonorably. Our officers and directors are well known men of business, who mean to transact all matters pertaining to the management of the club in a fair and honorable manner; and I feel assured that the public, after reading this statement, will decide that in the matters therein referred to we have pursued throughout an honorable and straightforward course.

Yours respectfully, JOSIAH ECOLY, Director H. B. B. C.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON MATCH IN CANADA.

James Ward, of Toronto, and Thomas Lawlor, of Whitby, C. W., met at the Dan Vale, on Feb. 8th, to shoot a match for $100 a side, Ward to shoot at 90 and Lawlor at 100 snow birds. Ward choose Mr. George Hill as his judge. Lawlor picked Mr. J. Stanton, and Mr. John Tweedie was chosen referee. Mr. J. C. Connor pulled and handled for Lawlor, Mr. William Loan officiated for Ward. Mr. D. Taylor did the loading for Lawlor, his gun being a muzzle loader. In the outset Mr. Lawlor started to work under several disadvantages, he having never had a snow bird shooting match before and had but little practice, and even in this he was unfortunate. He had got a few birds for trial, and, on the day previous, whilst shooting, he had the misfortune to break the stock of his favorite gun, so that he had to take one that was considered good, but about three-and-a-half pounds heavier, and one that he had never shot with before. The ground being staked out, Ward won the toss and sent Lawlor to the trap to shoot at his ten birds. The latter's fourth bird fell dead out of bounds, and four of Ward's were recovered near the boundary; the rest were, generally speaking, "well killed." When half the match was shot off the contestants stood at the score as gamesters, being even, yet at no time in the match did Ward lead. In shooting at the vantage ten birds, Mr. Lawlor killed only four, but to get at the match as an even game, just throw this score off and count 89 birds for each, and it will be seen that here Lawlor wins by two birds, Ward having missed 24, whilst Lawlor missed 22. The score:—

Lawlor—0101011010111011100000111010101111101101111111111111111
1011111000111001111111010111111111101. Shot at 90—killed, 71.
Ward—0111111110000101111011111111111110010111011111
0111101011111111 1110001111.0'00. Shot at 89—killed, 65.

NEW YORK SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—The third monthly meeting of the above named club for the season of 1871-2 was held at the residence of Mr. Chas. E. Whitefield, this city, on the evening of Feb. 12th. The president, Mr. R. Phelps, reported the establishment of two societies in Philadelphia for the purpose of carrying out the objects of this club in Pennsylvania, and stated that a similar organization would shortly be in existence at Boston. The following resolutions, offered by Mr. B. L. Swan, was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the members of this club avail themselves of every means in their power to put a stop entirely—come from whatever source it may—to the sale of venison between the 1st day of March and the 25th day of August; quail, between the 1st day of March and the 25th day of October; ruffed grouse, commonly called pheasants, prairie chickens, and prairie chickens, between the 1st day of March and the 1st day of September; or speckled trout before the 15th day of March or after the 15th day of September—this resolution being in strict accordance with the game laws of the state.

PIGEON PEPPERING IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Miles Johnson and Richard Wood shot at 30 birds each, 21 yards rise and 80 yards fall, for $100 a side, at the house of P. H. Miller, Tacony, Pa., on Feb. 6th, Wood winning by the appended score:—

Wood.....1111111011111011111110 1011110111—killed 27 out of 30.
Johnson.....0-0-0111111111011101110111101—killed 19 out of 30.

On the 14th inst. Wood scored another victory, in a match for $100 a side, shot at Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, he to shoot at 40 birds and Mr. Strunk at 45, using 1¼ oz. shot, 21 yards rise and 80 yards bounds. The score follows.—

Wood.....1111111011111011111011111101111—killed 30 out of 32.
Strunk.....0011101111111011101111111010110—killed 20 out of 30.

AUDUBON CLUB, OF FT. WAYNE, IND.—This is the title of a club organized at the above-mentioned place recently, the object of which is to protect wild game, and to adopt measures that will vigorously prosecute each offender that shall hereafter violate the game law of that state, and to enable the public to derive a benefit which heretofore has been seriously affected by the shooting and trapping of game at such seasons of the year as has been greatly detrimental to the propagation of grouse, quail, woodcock, deer, turkey, etc. The following gentlemen were elected officers:—J. M. Coonelse, president; J. H. McDougal, vice president; L. P. Stapleford, secretary; Wm. Shiefler, treasurer; board of directors—L. M. Bowser, J. M. Pettinger and Geo. S. Fowler.

PIGEON SHOOTING AT DENVER, COL.—A pigeon shooting match for the champion badge of Colorado Territory came off on the 6th inst. at Denver, between Mr. Eberts, of that city, the present holder of the badge, and Mr. John Porter, of Erie city, Col. The match was shot at 21 single birds, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, under the New York rules of pigeon shooting. Mr. Porter proved the victor, killing 17 birds out of the 21 shot at, two others falling dead just outside the line. Mr. Eberts killed 15 birds out of 18, when he resigned the contest.

SWEEPSTAKES SHOOTING AT ERIE CITY.—A CHALLENGE.—In a sweepstakes pigeon shooting at Erie City, Colorado, recently, F. Bussey, Jr., a youth of only 14 years, won, killing all his birds; the rise being 25 yards, and only ten of shot used, F. Bussey, Sr., and J. Porter shooting second and third. F. Bussey, Sr., will match his son, the winner of the above match, against any boy in the world of his age, at 21 birds each, according to the New York rules, for $500 a side. An answer to the above challenge through the NEW YORK CLIPPER will receive prompt attention.

NURR AND SPELL.—An account of the playing of the first half of the nurr and spell match, for £100, between John Brown and Henry Oxspring, appeared in last week's CLIPPER, and we now give the result, the match having been concluded on Jan. 27th, at Ecclesfield, Eng. As will be remembered, at the close of the first day's play Oxspring was three score ahead, having made a total in his fifteen rises of 127, whilst his opponent scored 124. The first nurre struck placed the players on a level, Brown making seven score and Oxspring a 4. In the first five rises Oxspring again sent a short one, which in all probability would have counted a 3 or 4, but as the nurr could not be found he was allowed to try again, which counted for an 8. From this point the game seemed to be secure. Oxspring gained four score on the first five rises, five on the second and three on the last five. Brown, as he did before, played the best toward the close of the game. Although Oxspring won the match by fifteen score, he failed to secure the "long knock," and had the honor of being accredited with the shortest stroke, on both of which events a good deal of money changed hands. Brown got the longest knock on the first day in his fourteenth rise, when he sent nine score twelve yards and a few inches, the second rise as played by Oxspring being disputed and not allowed to count as the longest stroke. The total score, as played on both days, was as under:—Oxspring—7, 5, 9, 8, 9, 9, 9, 8, 8, 7, 9, 8, 8, 9, 9, 4, 8, 8, 8, 8, 9, 7, 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, 8, 7—total, 243. Brown—8, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, 9, 9, 9, 9, 8, 8, 7, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7, 6, 8, 8, 7, 8, 7—total, 228. Mr. John Jubb, of Batley, again officiated as referee and stakeholder.

JUMPING MATCH.—At the Victoria grounds, Leeds Eng., on Jan. 27th, Harry Harrison and R. Nugent contended in a match at six stand forward jumps, for £25 a side, the latter receiving one yard start. The betting opened at 6 to 5 and gradually rose to 5 to 2 on Nugent, a large amount of money changing hands on the result. As regards the turf and condition, it looked long odds on Harrison, who is a well-developed young man, standing about 5ft 8in, and he looked everything that could be desired. Nugent is of the diminutive stamp, standing about 5ft 1in, as well as being slimly built, and, moreover, he did not look in good condition for the match. All preliminaries being arranged, Harrison was the first to try, being loudly cheered by his friends, and he cleared 22yds 17in. Nugent followed, but was one yard short. After the stipulated rest of five minutes he tried again, but was 4ft 5in short. Perceiving his chance hopeless he gave in, thus suffering defeat by a yard. Mr. J. Woolfoot was stakeholder, and R. Jordan referee.

QUITING IN ILLINOIS.—A quoiting contest for a silver cup, given by W. Linsley, came off at Mapleton, Ill., on Feb. 10th, in a large hall. The distance was 18 yards, clay ends, two large boxes being filled level with clay, and twenty-two persons competed. The prize was won by Henry Harris. Mr. R. Graham, of the above named place says that he has two boys, under 14 years of age, whom he will match against any other two not over 14 in the state of Illinois, at a game of quoits, 20 to 14 yards distance, clay or hard ends, quoits not to exceed 6lbs. each, for from $100 to $200 a side, allowing reasonable expenses, to take place in April or May. Address R. Graham, Mapleton.

ABOVE all other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste.

THE darkest nights bring out the brightest stars.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

H. J. M.—Your amusing solution of No. 795 should be printed for Mr. Townsend's edification, if not for room. In Enig. 793 (correctly printed) we'll tell you all we know about it. The "Journal" says "1..Q to 66," and if you know what that means you know more than we do. In Herr Meyer's Prob., White sets himself up in business by 1..Q to her K1 sq. In Mr. Worrall's, we fear 2..Kt to Bd sol.; have written to Herr Meyer, and will report on hearing from him. Enig. 794 is correctly printed, and we have every confidence in its correctness. It appeared originally, as far as we know, as No. 9, of the *Field*'s series, in June, '68.

PROF. QUIMBY.—We accept your challenge, and will play the solution of the Prob. in question as a game by correspondence.

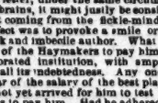
C. R. M.—All right. We are glad to know that Caissa is convalescent at your college.

A. Z. HUGGINS.—"G. S. C." says:—"I have waited to see the correct diagram of A. Z. H.'s Prob. before replying. If I mistake not, there is a 2d sol., as follows:—1..Kt to Q 6 dis +, B inter; 2..Q × B +, and 3..Q mates." And G. S. C. is great authority, you know.

DR DIT.—That Theo. M. Brown wins the 1st prize for the best sett; also, for the best single problem in the Cleveland tourney. He has an extraordinary difficult 4 move in the *Chess Journal*'s 4th tourney, which we shall give in a few weeks—probably 801.

Enigma 798.

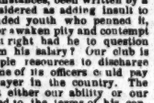
BY E. B. COOK.



White mates in 3 moves.

Enigma Extra.

BY J. H. BLACKBURN.



Black mates in 5 moves.

Problem No. 798.

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and give mate in two moves.

Game No. 798.

The 2d *partie* of the Andersen-Zukertort match.—*Bell's Life.*

HAMPE'S KT'S GAME.

Attack. Zukertort.	Defence. Andersen.	Attack. Zukertort.	Defence. Andersen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	24..Q B to his sq	K to Kt 2
2..Q Kt-B 3	K B-B 4	25..Q-K B 3	P-Q B 4
3..K B-B 4	Kt-B 3	26..B-B 6 +	K-Kt R 3
4..P-K B 4 (a)	P-Q 3	27..Q-Q 3	P-Q B 5
5..K Kt-B 3	P-Q B 3	28..Kt-his 5 +	K-Kt 2
6..P-Q 3	P-Q Kt 3	29..Q P × P	K B × Kt P
7..K B-Kt 3	P-Q B 4	30..B-Q sq	K-K B sq
8..P-Q R 4	P-Q Kt 5	31..Q-K R 3	Q Kt-B 4
9..Q Kt-K 2	Q Kt-Q 2	32..Q B-R 3	Q B-home
10..Q Kt-Kt 3	Castles	33..Q-K B 3	K B-B 6 × (d)
11..K-B sq	Q B-B 3	34..Kt-B 3	Q Kt × B (e)
12..B P × P	Q P × P	35..B P × Kt	K Kt-K 2
13..Q Kt-B 5	P-K Kt 3 (b)	36..Q-K Kt 3	Q B-Kt 5 +
14..Q K-B 6 +	K-his Kt 2	37..K-B 2	K-his 4
15..K Kt-his 5 (c)	Q-K 2	38..Q R × Kt	Q × Q B
16..Q Kt × B P	K B × Kt	39..P-K R 3	K B-Q 5
17..K Kt × R	P-K R 4	40..Q-R 5	Q B × Kt +
18..K-K 4 sq	P-Q 4	41..Q-Q B 3	Q × Q B
19..Q B-R 6 +	K-his R 2	42..Q R × Q	B-Q B sq
20..Q B-home	K-Kt 2	43..Q R-B 3	K-his R 3
21..Q B-R 6 +	K-his R 2	44..P-K R 4	Q B-Q sq
22..Q B-home	K-Kt 2	45..R-K B 8, and	Herr Zukertort
23..B-home	K-his R 2		wins.

(a) A brilliant proffer of a gambit grafted upon what at first sight threatens to be but a dull and profitless opening.

(b) A palpable slip; but probably engulfing the loss of the game. See below.

(c) A truly beautiful move.

(d) George Walker suggests that, probably, Zukertort was lighting a fresh cigar somewhere along here.

(e) He should rather have played 35..Q Kt to Kt 5.

(f) The student should examine Q B to Kt 5; but it leads to nothing better for the Defence.

The fourth *partie* of the match.

HAMPE'S KT'S GAME.

Zukertort.	Andersen. (Play 12½ moves as above.)	Zukertort.	Andersen.
19..	Q to her B 2	21..K Kt × P	Q Kt × Kt
14..K R to B sq	K-K sq	22..Q P × Kt	Q-K 4
15..K Kt-his 5	Q-K R 3	23..Q B × R P	Q × K P + (d)
16..K Kt-R 3	K-R 3 (e)	24..Q × Q	Q R × Q +
17..K R-B 3	K Kt × P (h)	25..Q-R 3	R B × B
18..Q × K Kt	Q Kt-B 3	26..Kt × B	R R × R sq
19..Q-K R 4	Q-K 3	27..K-his B 2, and	wins.
20..K Kt-his 5 +	K-R sq		

(g) Herr Z. shows that if Defence play 16..K to B sq, or Kt × K P, the Attack comes off superior.

(h) The Defence is so hampered that he must make some sacrifice for relief.

(i) Well played to the very last.

We cannot remember having treated our readers to the following entertaining dash.—*Ed.*

CENTRE GAMBIT.

Mr. Potter.	Mr. Matthews.	Mr. Potter.	Mr. Matthews.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	8..P to K 5	Q Kt-K 2
2..P-Q 4	P × P	9..Kt × Kt (c)	B P × Kt
3..K Kt-B 3	P-Q B 4	10..K B-Kt 5 +	K-Kt 2 (d)
4..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	11..Q B-Kt 5 +	P-K B 3
5..Castles	Q B-B 3	12..Kt-K 6 +	K-his B 2
6..Q B-B 3	Kt-K B 3	13..Kt × K P	K-his B sq
7..P-K B 4	P-K Kt 3	14..Kt × R, Checkmate.	

(c) Very good, indeed! Winning, at least, an officer.

(d) A pretty finish now follows.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

A. B., Pittsburgh, Pa.—A may take off B's man, which is called "nothing," or he may compel him to recross his move and jump the exposed man.

E. M. S., Pittsburgh.—See answer to A. B., above.

W. Jackson, Malone, N. Y.—Yes; we well remember "Alonzo." His real name was J. A. Foster. He contributed many valuable problems to the draught department of the CLIPPER. Although dead, he is kindly remembered. Your continued correspondence will be gratifying.

THE "Doctor," St. Louis.—Thanks for positions. Look out for them.

J. A. PERRIN, Chicago, Ill.—Solutions O. K.

Game No. 41.—Vol. XIX.

BETWEEN MESSRS. FEY AND CRAIG.

"CROSS."

| Black. Mr. Fey. | White. Mr. C. | Black. Mr. F. | White

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

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LADIES' LIST.

Adeline, Mlle
Avery, Carrie
Aldean, Lizzie A. M.
Blake, Annie
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Burton, Clara
Blaisdell, Julia A.
Drabtree, Lotta
Drayton, Bonnie (2)
Dalton, Emma
Ditnston, Lucy
Cooper, Lizzie M.
Carvarley, Lena
Carroll, Louise
De Brent, Amy
Edwards, Nellie
Fontainebleau, Adeline (2) 8c.
Fiske, Mrs. Moses W.
Fitz, Mrs. J. D.
Granville, Gertie
Haiman, Mad.
Howard, Georgia W.
Hastings, Hattie
Irving, Lou
Jester, Mrs. Bessie W.
Le Rose, Millie
Lottie, Wile
Land, Belle
Murrill, Jenny, 3c.
Matthews, Mrs. C. C.
Mayling, Margie, 24c.
Mitchell Maggie
McClennan, Jennie
Miller, Albertine, 8c.
Merlin, Emma (2)
Oates, Mrs. Jas. A.
Putnam, Kate
Rushton, Lucy
Reignolds, Jane (2)
St. Audley, Rose
Smith, Mrs. J. T.
Schotia, Angelique
St. Leon, Maud
Seidler, Alice
Selwyn, Blanche
St. Clair, Annie
Weston, Jennie
Washburn, Emma
Villa, Lucy
Wood, Annie
Wood, Jennie
Wa Wa, Minnie
Winters, Catharine
Weston Sisters
Wesner, Ella
Wallace, Ida
Young, Fannie C.
Zanfretta, Dody

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Aiwood, C. T.
Agt., Ole Bull
Adams, Adam
Andrews, B. F.
Agent, Haywood
Allison, Frank
Barre, James H.
Bosworth, Frank (2)
Byron, Geo.
Berrell, G. Barton
Bergen, Eugene
Bailey, Jas.
Brimmer's Minstrels
Bidaux, Albert
Bidaux, Gustave
Bull, Ole
Bruce, Geo.
Barker, L. E.
Benedict, Lew
Brassell, Johnny
Batchelder & Doris
Brown, Geo.
Burnham, Chas. C. (2)
Bruce, C. Armory
Beasle, Chas. H.
Bradshaw, Chas.
Booker & Canfield
Bruce, Edgar
Bingham
Batchelder, Geo.
Barnum, F. T.
Campbell, J. G.
Crane, Wm. H. 13c.
Clark, Dan
Courtright, Billy
Cline, Frank B.
Clemmens, Sam'l L.
Clark, John, 11c.
Butler, Geo.
Connolly, Chas. M. (2)
Cooper, Wm. F. 8.
Cook, Louis K.
Clark, G. Brooks
Channon, H.
Carlton, Wm.
Cline, G. W.
Cash, Geo.
Collen, Billy
Cobb, Willis
Chapman, Geo.
Dibdin, Jas.
Donovan, Joe
Damont, Frank
Dougherty, Dan'l
Daris, Jno. H.
Denier, Tony
D'Jalma, Sadi
Dingle
De Haves, Ned
Doris, John
De Rolla, Maurice
Dorie, John E.
Durand, Jno. W.
Duffield, Harry
De Mott, James
Dickson, Frank P. (2)
Diefenbach, Phil
Ekeman, Emil (4)
Elliott, W. B.
Eddy, E.
Emerson, Billy
Everett, W. B.
Fitch, F. L.
Forrester, W. C.
Fuller, Dan W.
Franks, Sidney
Farron, G. W.
Henry, Fernando
Foster, Joseph
Gannon, Pete
Green, W.
Gorham, W. H.
Griffiths, E. S (2)
Grant, Jr., Gen.
Goschie, Jacob
Goodman, Hank
Garnol, Bob't F.
Good, A. D.
Grady, G. G.
Gaylord, Lew
Hilton, W.
Hemmings & Cooper
Hess, C. B. (4)
Harleigh, L. W.
Harrison, H. W.
Houston, Art
Linden, Ernest (2)
Hunter, Geo.
Hernandez, A. M.
Hallet, Lew
Howard, D. P. (2)
Hall, John L.
L'Estrange, T. L.
Lindley, Robt A.
Landers, Ross
Lewanine, Edward
Lannier, Wm. M.
Lawake, Wm. K.
Lawrence, Fred
Melton, J. Vincent
Mess, James
McKnight, Hy.
McKnight, G. H.
McDonald, Geo.
Myers, O. P.
Moffett, Don
Minnick, J. L.
Martinez, Eugene
Mann, Prof. D.
Mgr. Amy Stone Troupe
Mullin, A. W. (2)
Myers & Huntley
Martin, John E.
Maxwell, G. W.
Montiverde, Sig.
Macdonough, T. B.
Marston, E. W.
Milton, W. C.
Marsh, John
Mason, Chas K.
McCready, J. J.
Marshall Hy. A.
Mairs Joe
Melville, Chas.
Morris Bros.
Meyer, Julius J.
Nelecourt Bros.
Norman, O. H.
Norman, John
Organ, Wm.
Oughton, W. (2)
Oates, James
Opera (5)
O'Connor, M.
Prop. Atlantic & Pacific Circus
Prop. Howe's Circus
Palmer, C. C.
Peckham, Geo. E.
Phillips, Hiss (3)
Pierson, C. L.
Page, W. H.
Porter, Billy
Phillips, Geo.
Pecanio
Parkes, A. S.
Park, J. J.
Peil, C. H.
Parker, Ned
Paddock, H. T.
Porter, Billy
Pale Ale, Samuel
Perkins, T. L.
Quincy, Chris.
Rouse, W. A.
Rowley, C.
Robinson, James (?)
Robinson, Jas, S. 13c.
Rushby, Jno.
Reed, Wm.
Roberts, N. D. (2)
Ryan, Pat
Read, Jacob
Robinson, John
Rice, Dan
Richards, Wm.
Stanhope, C. C.
Stanton, Mike
Sexton, Mark
Skelly, John F.
Stone, A. J.
Stetson, Hy. R.
Soules, S. Geo.
Shewers, Andy
Sweet, E. G.
Snow, Ben M.
Smith, Doc.
Sickney, Robert (2)
Smith, Jno.
Smith, Mark
Shay, Charley (3)
Sertrew, Saul
Sackett, J.
Sucava, R. W.
Sherbrook, Richard
Smith, Prof. Hy. 16c.
Turner, Billy
Templeton, John
Thompson, John
Toohey, John W.
Tresize, Jr., John
Turner, Ned
Todd, Wm.
Thompson, Johnny
Ufner, Frank
VanAmburgh's Circus
Verbay, W. H.
Victorelli, John
Watson, Chas.
Watson, G. W.
Wilson, Ike
Wise, F. L.
Ward, Wm.
Wells, H. G.
Warhurst, Thos.
Wheelock, J. F.
Wider, J. W. (2)
Webster, Chas. H.
Warner, Billy
Walker, Chas.
Williams, H. A. B.
Washburne, E. S. (3)
Wright, Frank
Williams, Jesse
White, Chas. R.
Weiss, Hy.
Wood, Hy.
Zanfretta, Alex.
Zegrina, Sig.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Feb. 19th, 1872.

LENT and St. Valentine's season made their *debut* together on Ash Wednesday, Feb. 14th, which proved to be a high day and a holiday, the former for those whose thoughts run in a pious groove, the latter for love-sick swains and swainesses who have but one idea, and that is love and its associations. The advent of Lent will, probably, to a certain extent, interfere with general amusements; the religious element will not visit the theatre or music hall so frequently, nor shake the light fantastic foot upon the ball room floor; balls, and parties, and banquets, and private theatricals, *should*, in obedience to the Lenten decree, give place to fasting and pious devotional exercises; while the thoughts of the dear people should be upon things celestial instead of terrestrial; mankind, for at least forty days and forty nights, should "cease to do evil and learn to do well;" womankind should stop their little-tattle and lying about each other, and give idle gossip the go-by for at least a moon and a half. Oh, dear friends, ye who delight in bearing false witness against your neighbor, ye who backbite and scalp and glory therein, let us advise you by all that is just and pure and good to pause in your devilish career, and resolve, for once in your impious lives, to let at least this sacred season pass without adding to the list of your dreadful enormities. Think, dear creatures, of how you are passing your unnecessary lives, in bickerings and strife; in the indulgence of lustful passions; in sitting and guzzling till Christmas hogs, evil in doing all manner of evil things; oh, beloved, but undeserving friends, give up your carnal desires, repent ye in sackcloth and ashes, and determine henceforth and forever to shake from the folds of your garments the iniquities born of Satan, and to lead a more civilized and humanizing life.....The Valentine business, although not as lively as in the olden time, nevertheless loomed up in such proportions as to utterly disgust the hard-working and fast wing of letter carriers, to whose tender care and solicitude these tales of love and hate are confided. Oh, the love and vindictiveness of some divine creatures; oh, the hatred and malice and envy of others. Who would think, to look upon the sweet faces and fascinating forms of the female sex, that in their hearts was hidden a devil incarnate, a maddening fiend, nerving the precious dears to assault in the most fiendish and degraded manner, the citadel of some other female who had incurred their displeasure? Yet such is a true indictment, found by a grand jury of long standing and experience, and whose actions can stand the scrutiny of all the petit jurors that were ever remorselessly dragged from their noisy workshops and peaceful homes. .....They do say that there is "balm in Gilead, that there is a physician there," and that he is forth and ready evidently a valet in Cincinnati, where, we are told, the board of aldermen have passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of reserved seats after the doors have been opened for an entertainment. Well done, brave and noble aldermen of the greatest hog killing city on the face of the human globe; your example is worthy of emulation, for in nearly every large city the "reserved seat" injustice has long been practised with impunity, against which we have on more than one occasion raised our warning voice in admonition. Just "see how the old thing works" and then say whether this wrong is right between man and man. The cherished father of a dear and devoted family decides to give himself and wife and gushing offspring a little recreation in the way of a visit to the theatre. This kind and indulgent father, not being overburthened with contracts or savings bank deposits, or dealings with the public, is determined to husband his wives and resources at the same time, so he goes upon the economical plan—that is, he cannot afford to pay an extra price for reserved seats, but goes early to the box office and buys his tickets in the regular way, while his family stand calmly by, and look upon him with approving smiles; fortified with the pasteboard that admits him within the portals of the dramatic temple, he modestly advances with the multitude, conscious that he and his followers are by no means of the dead head persuasion. "Checks?" says the impolite and nicely gotten up usher. 'No," is the guileless response of the husband and father. "Well, you can take any seat on these two last rows; the others are all taken." "Are they *all* taken but these?" "Yes," and the gushing usher leaves the party to seat themselves as best they can on one of the two last rows. And the father, with the wife of his bosom and spring traditions after him like a string of bobtails to a kite, enters the economical space allotted him, and flops himself and family down upon the *unreserved* seats. "See, wife, the usher is right; all the seats before us are marked taken; it's well we came early, or we shouldn't have got even the places we have." And the noble band of bobtails acquiesce in the learned allegation of the head of the family, so they remain headed for more than half an hour, criticising the dresses and manners of the people as they advance to their seats. And when the curtain rises, and the play proceeds, dozens and dozens of those very seats marked "taken" remain unoccupied, and so continue till the entertainment is concluded. What is the result of this cruel deception? The proprietor of the theatre is unanimously voted to be a rogue and a fraud; the nicely starched usher, with his hair parted in the middle, is proclaimed to be an unmitigated liar, and the entire establishment is set down in the estimation of the kite and the kite's tails as a delusion and a snare, and where the man of means has advantages over the poor man because of his money and not of his social standing. Cincinnati has made a move in the right direction. Let managers throw open their seats to the first comer, after the doors are closed, give the ushers a chance for their money; and there will not be quite so many vacant "taken" seats as we now see in some of our theatres.....They have got a wonderful calf "down in old Virginny," and our curiosity mongers should go for it. This curious calf is only five months old, yet will be particular in observing, and yet gives a quart of milk a day. Just to think of the precociousness of that Virginny calf.....The war seems to have developed the resources of the south in a most remarkable degree. It is said, and with sincere evidences of truth, that in North Carolina babies are born now-a-days with holes in their ears ready to receive rings. How they do it, we cannot say, but it is certainly one of the wonderful inventions of the age, and deserves to be classified with Barnum's woolly horse, Washington's colored "nuss," and Stoker trial of the grand jury.....Those who assign as a reason for the decadence of the drama the lack of excitement united to the purpose of the playwright, may feel hopeful of a future generation of Shakespeares, on reading the following "skeleton dramy," which is hereby offered for the consideration of our leading managers:—

DON JUAN ON THE RAMPAGE.

SCENE 1.—*Union Square and the statue of Washington, by moonlight alone.*

Enter DON JOHANNES DE BRIGGS, *with* STUBBS, *his valet, following.*

DON J.—It is her casement, and this *billet doux*
Is for my case meant. May the Fates prove true!
There shines the light which gently waves me on.

STUBBS.—Lord grant no wild goose chase we've come upon!

DON J.—What's that your business? Hie to the alley gate,
This night from her own lips I'll know my fate.
Get but this note to her, and with bank notes
Your pockets shall be crammed.

STUBBS.— For you I votes.

[Bounds off a la Majilton.]

DON J.—There sits enthroned the lady of my love!

[Gazing at lattice.]

If protestations can't her pity move,
Perhaps my money may; but first I'll try
What arguments abide in melody.

[He sueth up a lively serenade. Re-enter STUBBS.]

STUBBS.—Yon have the *open sesame;* pass in,
The porter will not stay you.

DON J.—*(Gives money.)* Here's your tin.
Now, Cupid, god of lovers' vows, befriend,
And may kind fortune on my hopes attend.
Enters mansion of REGINALD MACFLIMSEY, *whence issue the strains of voluptuous music.*
The statue of Washington descends. STATUE *sings to the tune of Olde Scroggins.*

This evening, by the moony dim light,
I heard a sound and I saw a night,
Which draws upon me every night—
Ri-tol-de riddle-fol-de-ray!
'Neath yonder lattice, scented beaus
Rehearse their hearts' unnumbered woes,
While she at each turns up her nose—
Ri-tol-de-riddle-fol-de-ray!
With bank notes are her pillows stuffed,
With pride her daddy's brain is puffed,
Who don't "come down" will be out-snuffed—
Ri-tol-de-riddle-fol-de-ray!

[Regains his position.

JULIET MACFLIMSY *sings at lattice.*

What noise is that below I hear;
Some chaps, perhaps, the worse for beer.
Who's that knockin' at de do'?
And who's dat knockin' at de do'?
Is that you Sam?
No. 'tis Jim.
Well, you aint got de money and you can't come in;
So it's no use knockin' at de do any mo;
And it's no use knockin' at de do'.

MACFLIMSY *sings at his window.*

Cats! they're the plague of my life!
They're worse than a troublesome wife,
Who won't let me rest till I've donn'd my best,
And join in the social strife.

[Cries "scat!" and shuts the window.

Here the scene changes to the drawing-room of the MacFlimseys, where a gay crowd is assembled. MISS MACFLIMSEY *receiving suitors. They make presents and pass on.*

JULIET MCF.—*(Yawns)* I weary of this hollow, senseless sham;
This life, what is it but a stupid flam?
Gold! with spondulix I am loaded down,
Yet something's needed my desires to crown.
Once I thought wealth could buy up Cupid's darts,
But find, too late, gol I cannot purchase hearts.
Enter DON JOHANNES, *with a bouquet and bracelet, which he presents.*

JULIET.—Here again! all sing the self-same tune,
Men daze, they say, by gazing on the moon.
I thought you'd said adieu for the last time.

DON J.—Bid me pour balcony's stout wires to climb,
And I would do it tho' my neck it broke.

JULIET.—Our little game has ended, sir, in smoke.
My dad has sized your pile, and says it's short.

DON J.—Of such cold whims, I'll not be made the sport.
Give me a day, and if I don't outshine
My wealthiest rivals, you shall be mine!
Gems and floras, dresses, cards for the ball,
Tickets for the opera shall be yours on call.

JUL.—Do it, nor leave the task to me.—Adieu!

DON J.—May fate approve my suit as I prove true.
A pas de deux and grand ballet, here, typifying the course of true love, amid which Don J. disappears.

Here a lapse of several days is supposed to occur, during which Don Johannes turns up with an unlimited supply of cash, a spirited span of horses and valuable diamonds. Several of his rivals commit suicide; there are half a dozen duels, and the nuptials are on the eve of consummation, when enter two officers, who arrest Don Johannes on a charge of forgery, and commit him to a cell. He is discovered the next morning hanging by the cravat to the door of his dungeon, thereupon Juliet MacFlimsey and the "old man," who wears a wig and turns out to be her husband, not her father, join in the following FINALE:—

Now their bank is broken,
To fresh fields let us repair.
Parting words are spoken,
Dupes are plenty everywhere.
Fibers file and fiddlers play,
Our game is bagged—let's hence away! *(Curtain.)*

City Summary.

THE "BLACK CROOK," in a reconstructed form, was presented at Niblo's Garden on Monday evening, Feb. 12th. The first changes that were noticeable occurred in the second act, where the *ballet* was introduced, the chief dancers being Miles Sasai, Adrienne, Felicita, Bambina and Marchesi. The costumes were new and attractive, and the *ballet* was received with demonstrations of delight. During that act Miss Kate Santley sang two of Signor G. Operti's compositions, entitled "Dreaming Eyes" and "Joy." In the third act many changes occurred. A "Baccanale" was danced by Mlle Pierina Sassi and the *corps de ballet*, followed by a Caledonian dance by the St. Felix infant *ballet troupe*, which was well performed and loudly redemanded. The four little girls composing this troupe evince great proficiency in the terpsichorean art, and have become great favorites with the patrons of the Niblo theatre. The Spanish minstrels, three in number, one lady and two gentlemen, performed popular airs upon a mandolin and two guitars. The mandolin performer is evidently proficient in his art, and upon him fell the bulk of the labor of the performance, the other performers simply playing the accompaniments. As the selections performed consisted of popular American and English airs of the present time, the audience became quite enthusiastic. The "Oriental Serpent Dance," performed by Mlle. Pierina Sassi and a living anaconda, created no little sensation. A number of the *corps de ballet*, clad in eastern attire, performed a characteristic dance to the weird music of the orchestra, during which a pedestal, surmounted with a basket covered with flowers, was brought upon the stage and placed at the back. Mme. Sassi then performed a pantomimic dance, during which she ran into the basket, opened it, and took forth a live anaconda, some 8 or 9 feet in length, which she placed in various positions about her neck and body. Although the serpent did not exhibit much activity in its motions, yet it was undoubtedly alive. To those persons having a natural horror of reptiles the exhibition must have seemed highly repulsive. The Majilions appeared in a new act *diabolique*, which was fully equal, in point of artistic merit, to the one hitherto given by them, and equally indescribable. Miss Marie Majilton gave striking proof of the possession of great pantomimic powers, combined with high proficiency as a *danseuse*. The thorough enjoyment she apparently received from her own performances became infectious with the audience and greatly enhanced their pleasure. Charles Majilton was, if possible, more wonderful than ever, the indescribable contortions of his lower limbs convulsing the audience with laughter, and Mr. Majilton's grotesque *poses* and quaint acrobatic feats were upon a par of excellence with the other members of the *troupe*; and, as a whole, their performances are among the most enjoyable ever witnessed in this country. Their bat-spinning act, in which they have no rivals, (if any equals,) closed their portion of the programme, during which the most rich applause greeted them. The next and last novelty introduced was a performing goat, Alexis. A circus ring, constructed in sections, was quickly placed in position on the stage, a horse, wearing a pad and richly decorated saddle cloth and trappings, was then led in, and placed opposite an elevated platform, when the goat, bounding upon the stage, leaped upon the platform, and from thence to the horse's back, and as the latter galloped around the circle the goat alternately leaped over and through hoops held in various positions, exhibiting a wonderful degree of training. A monkey was then placed upon the back of the goat, and a portion of the above performances were repeated. In response to a loud re-call the goat appeared in the ring with the monkey still on his back, when suddenly the monkey, either inspired by jealousy at the success the goat had achieved, or smarting under wrongs inflicted upon it behind the scenes by casting it, instead of the other monkey of Samwells' troupe, for the non-payment of its salary, resolved to right its wrongs by fight. Leaping from the back of the goat, it quickly jumped into the dress circle and had gained the outer lobby, when a large portion of the audience on that side of the theatre quickly surrounded, captured and returned it to the stage. As it infringed upon the rules of all well regulated theatres, it may expect on next pay day to find a heavy deduction made from its salary. The Egyptian jugglers closed their engagement on Feb. 10th, otherwise the attractions continue the same. Signor G. Operti had composed considerable new music for portions of the spectacle, which was of a pleasing character and was favorably received. Before the appearance of Mrs. John Wood it is proposed to play "Undine" for one week with one of the largest and best *ballet corps* introduced therein which it is possible to collect together. This is necessitated in consequence of removing the scenery and effects of the "Crook" to Boston, Mass., where it will shortly be produced. The attendance was large during the week.

MISS MARION MORDAUNT commenced an engagement at Wood's Museum on Monday evening, Feb. 12th, acting in De Walden's new drama, entitled "Darling; or, Woman and Her Master," impersonating some five characters. We reviewed her performances and the drama on the occasion of its first production at Brooklyn recently, and we need add nothing further than to say that Miss Mordaunt is a dashing, sprightly actress, excelling in character delineations; that the play was well mounted, acted, and attracted a good attendance. At the usual *matinees* the burlesque entitled "Dick Whittington and His Cat," with the Misses Pauline Markham and Belle Howitt in prominent roles; "A School for Coquettes," and an interlude in which Rollin Howard and Charles Sturges appeared in Ethiopian characters, constituted the programme.

AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE the circus performances closed on the evening of Feb. 17th, no change either in the company or programme having been made during the week. On Wednesday evening Mr. Withers, leader of the orchestra, was presented with a beautiful cane by Sam Long, the clown, and at the close the principal members of the company passed some time in Gambrinian festivities. The performances of the evening of the 17th were noticeable as being the last given by the firm of Smith, Nathans & Co.—Messrs. Avery Smith, John J. Nathans and L. June—who have now retired from public life. On Sunday evening the eighteenth concert by the Ninth Regiment band occurred, the solo talent being Miss Gratenda Ridgway, soprano vocalist; Mr. E. A. Lefebre, saxophone performer, who made his first appearance; Mlle. Castellan, violinist, and Mlle. de Try, violoncellist. This evening the Mulder-Fabbri German Opera Company commences a brief season, at the conclusion of which the Opera House will be closed for a brief period for rehearsing and otherwise getting ready the spectacular drama entitled "Lalla Rookh."

THE RE-APPEARANCE of the Jee Brothers at the New York Circus was one of the chief events of the past week. The equestrian feats of C. W. Fish and Mlle. Caroline Rolland continue attractive features. D. A. Seal and E. Aimonte, the clowns, supply the mirth of the evening, and the pantomime of "Ride a Jack Horse," &c., with its numerous tricks and exciting hurdle race, forms a fitting close to a pleasing programme. A good business has been done during the week past.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL HALL, 585 Broadway, is advertised to let.

"THE VETERAN" was revived at Wallack's Theatre, on Monday evening, Feb. 12th with the following cast:—

ENGLISH.

Col. Delmar	John Gilbert
Leon Delmar	Lester Wallack
Eugene Leslie	J. B. Polk
Capt. Belmont	Mr. Jeneon
Lieut. Morton	Mr. Thomas
Sergt. Simpson	Mr. Quigley
Serg't Blunt	Mr. Peck
Blanche Melvor	Miss Gerroon
Mrs. McShake	Madame Ponisi

ARABS.

The Emir Mohammed	C. Fisher
Amineh	Clara Jennings

MYRANS.

The Sultan of Myra	C. Rockwell
Od-an-agan	John Brougham
Ogion	W. J. Leonard
Noureddin	E. M. Holland
Moulrad	G. F. Browne
Usman	Mr. James
Guiware	Mr. Arnold
Sayd	Helen Tracy
Zida	Miss Burroughs
Bisan	Mast. Geo. Goodwin

It was presented with entirely new scenery, costumes and appointments, and had been re-written by its author, Mr. Lester Wallack. The music of the overture and the incidental military marches, which had been composed expressly for this play by the late John P. Cooke, and rearranged by Thomas Baker, were also given. It is in six acts, with many of the incidents founded upon fact. The plot is slight, and may be told in a few words. Col. Delmar, the commander of a Scotch regiment, having been ordered to Algeria, desires that his son, Leon, shall marry his niece, Blanche, but she and the Colonel's ward, Eugene, fancy they love each other. Eugene inspires Leon with military ardor, under the belief that such is his father's innermost wish, and Blanche seeks the aid of Mc Shake for the furtherance of her wishes, which gives rise to a series of amusing complications. The Col. and Eugene depart for Algiers, and Mrs. McShake and Blanche sail for India. Leon shortly after gets a commission in a Highland regiment and sails for Algiers. The vessel that bears Mrs. McShake and Blanche on the voyage is shipwrecked off the coast of Algeria, and those ladies are taken captives by the Myrans; therefore we find all the characters again brought together. At the court of the Sultan of Myra we find in the person of the Grand Vizier an Irishman, who had deserted many years before from the British army, and finally being captured by the Myrans, teaches them the use of firearms, by which they are enabled to conquer hostile tribes, and in payment for these services he has been raised to the position indicated. All the characters are involved in a series of complications which we will not attempt to de-cribe, further than to say that Blanche discovers that she is really loves Leon, and Eugene has given his heart to a dusky Algerian maiden. Although many of the incidents are highly improbable, yet they are woven together with such an amount of skill that the general effect is pleasing. As the spectacular element predominates in the play, the dialogue must necessarily suffer. The characters are well drawn, the language, especially in the early part of the play, is crisp and sparkling, and the general effects are good. The spectacular effects are confined to gorgeous Eastern scenery and architecture, and deserve high commendation. Mr. Gilbert acted impressively the high-spirited, daring and manly old soldier. His make up was excellent, and his entire performance was one of the gems of the evening. Lester Wallack found in Leon Delmar a character peculiarly fitted to the idiosyncracies of his acting, at times reveling in light comedy and at others finding an opportunity to display noble and manly darings, in all of which the experienced and thorough artist was discernible. Eugene Leslie was satisfactorily acted by J. B. Polk, although the demands made upon his artistic abilities were not great. The Emir Mohammed was made up and acted by Charles Fisher in an artistic manner, the stately dignity, combined with the natural cunning and treachery of his race, being carefully portrayed. Mr. Rockwell's impersonation of the Sultan was marked with dignity. John Brougham as On-an-agan (O'Flanagan) had ample opportunity to display his mirth inspiring qualities. In the cow case tried before him an admirable burlesque upon our New York courts was presented, during the progress of which the *ad libitum* remarks of Mr. Brougham elicited much laughter. Ogion was effectively impersonated by W. J. Leonard, and Messrs. Holland, C. F. Browne deserve favorable mention for the care bestowed upon the minor characters of Nourredin and Moulrad. Miss Effie Germon, as Blanche McIvor, found ample oppor.unity to give free vein to her vivacity and joyousness, and acted the character with much archness. Mrs. Clara Jennings found herself quite equal to the task of effectively delineating the intense love of Amineh. Mrs. McShake was well acted by Mme. Ponisi, and Miss Helen Tracy looked charming as Sayd, improving the slight opportunity she had for acting to the fullest extent. The auditorium was densely crowded during the entire week, many persons being turned away nightly, unable to obtain even admission. Judging from the demand for seats in advance "The Veteran" will hold the boards for some weeks to come.

A BURLESQUE upon the tower scene from "Il Trovatore," introducing the *miserere* chorus, was the only novelty at Bryant's Minstrels during the past week. Messrs. W. Henry Rice was Leo-norah, Monroe Dempster Man-weakoh, and Dan Bryant Count de Lunatic, with the principal members of the company as the choristers. Dempster and Rice sang the music allotted them in an excellent manner, and the choruses were well rendered. The balance of the programme continued about the same as the previous week.

SOME CHANGES in the cast of "Divorce" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre have been made in consequence of Miss Fanny Davenport's departure for New Orleans, La., where she is to perform her original character of Lu Ten Eyck during a brief engagement. On Feb. 10th Miss Linda Dietz played Lu Ten Eyck; Miss Mary Carey Grace, and Kate Claxton Flora Penfield. On Tuesday evening Miss Kate Newton made her first appearance this season and acted Lu Ten Eyck, enabling Miss Dietz in the cast to resume their original characters. On Thursday of this week the entire company play "Divorce" at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., at a *matinee*, returning to this city immediately thereafter, and performing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre the same evening. The business continues large.

MISS KITTY ASHCROFT, serio-comic, and Professor Hilton, Ventriloquist, were the new appearances at Tony Pastor's during the past week. Miss Ashcroft is a pleasing vocalist, and was favorably received by the audience. Prof. Hilton introduced his three "talking heads," upon the merits of which we have frequently written. The little French twin sisters continued their pleasing songs and dances, and later in the evening danced a *pas de deux*. Miss Alice Somers continued during the week. Tony Pastor sang a number of songs, among them a new one called "Don't Ask Me to Give Up Flo," which was favorably received. A number of sketches filled out the programme, while a fresh one called "Jeff; or, Plantation Life as it Was," concluded the performances, which attracted good sized audiences.

AT THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS but few changes were made in the programme from the previous week. In their first part, C. Tempieton sang "Come Again, Happy Days;" J. F. Oberist, a Tyrolean song; Charley Backus, "Uncle Mumphy's Rocky Road;" D. S. Wambold, "Mollie Darling;" Billy Birch, the "Menagerie," with humorous remarks upon the animals; E. Markham, "I am Waiting, My Darling, Here," and "Hot Roasted" closed the first part. Bobby Newcomb in the old time song and dance of the "Big Sunflower" was the only change in the second part. The average attendance was fair.

"MONALDI" was withdrawn from the stage of the St. James Theatre after the performances of Feb. 10th, and on the evening of the 12th a new society play, entitled "Marriage," was acted with the following cast:—

Mrs. Margaret Brooks	John
Miss Girlswold	M'me de la Vigne
Col. Carrol Gray	Mr. Mackaye
Walter Brooks	A. H. Davenport

C. W. Butler
Mrs. Keith
Alice Brooks
Miss Nina Varian

The play is evidently an adaptation from the French, and the original ideas of the author undoubtedly have been perverted. The presence of it in three acts instead of in the scene laid at Newport, R. I., and the time the present day. The action of the first and second acts takes place during the morning and the afternoon of the same day, and that of the third act one year later. The point to be exemplified is that if the husband does not fully satisfy the yearnings of pure love upon the part of the wife, she will naturally seek elsewhere for another to fill the void in her heart. We indentified Mrs. Brooks some time married, and residing during the summer in a villa at Newport. The husband is given to a little innocent flirtation with a fascinating French widow occupying a neighboring villa. Col. Gray, a friend (?) of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, takes the husband to task for the neglect of his wife, and utters numerous platitudes about what the marriage state should be, and then delivers advances to the wife upon her allegiance, and persuades her to fly with him, which is only prevented by the sudden return of her daughter from boarding school. Gray departs, Miss Brooks pines in secret for her lost lover, and when in the last act the husband, telling her that Gray is dead, wrings from her a confession of her wrong, and then quietly informs her that Gray is not only alive but on his way to their villa, Mrs. Brooks dies from the shock. Gray enters, and as Brooks is about to wreak vengeance on him, the latter harmonizing, pronounces Brooks and makes him think that he is the real culprit, and with this pleasing state of affairs the curtain falls. Such dramas are pernicious in their effect upon young persons, of whom we saw a large number in the audience. It is one of the most powerful advocates of free love ever put before the public. As is well known, a custom has existed for some years in French and Italian society among the better classes for married ladies and those husbands are engrossed with business to appear in public with a *cavalier servente*, whom the husband tolerates because it gives him liberty. The play was undoubtedly written to defend that practice and raise that despicable class of persons to a degree of respectability. There are plenty of weak minded women in society, surrounded with every luxury that wealth can procure, who can easily be led astray by such sophistry that they have a "yearning," a "void" of affection to be filled. It is not so much that marriage requires reformation as that the libertine should be ostracised from society. Had the drama in question been called the "Libertine" it would have been more satisfactorily exemplified. Miss Griswold appeared to good advantage as Mrs. Brooks, and undoubtedly possessed the germs of dramatic talent which with practice and study may properly develop. Mr. Mackaye, considered as an amateur, acted Col. Gray fairly. His voice is monotonous, and we looked in vain for the application of those principles of arts which he so admirably illustrated upon the rostrum of the lecture room. Preaching and practice apparently differ quite as much as regards acting as other mundane matters. A. H. Davenport, the only professional actor in the company, acted Walter Brooks in an easy, natural manner, and towered artistically head and shoulders above all the characters with whom he came in contact. C. W. Butler will require many more lessons before he can satisfactorily act a servant. Mrs. Keith in one brief scene as M'me de la Vigne appeared to considerable advantage, her delivery of her lines in broken English being commendable. Miss Nina Varian as Alice Brooks was naturally all that was required, as she was herself what the character called for. We can but regard these performances as simply amateur exhibitions, of which we have witnessed several in this city that would surpass them. Let any one of the ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Davenport excepted, appearing at the St. James, act in one of our regular theatres and we should quickly discover their merits and demerits, as it is mostly by comparison that acting should be judged. But these performers do not come before the public claiming any leniency. They are put forward by one who claims that he is "going to reform the stage;" the others are his pupils, which latter condition proves the former, as none but a proficient in his art would attempt to teach others. The auditorium has been fairly filled, and we presume a purpose has been answered.

ATTRACTION THE LARGEST GRADE commenced on Feb. 14th, we have not, as yet, witnessed any falling off in the attendance at our places of public amusement. It is a season of the year much dreaded by our managers, but from present appearances we opine they will complain less this season than ever. At least four of our theatres are crowded nightly and many seats are already sold in advance, whilst the remaining ones are doing a good business. This state of affairs is undoubtedly owing to the large daily influx of strangers into the city, who, being deprived of the comforts of the home circle, seek a relaxation in admiring the shapely forms of the ladies in the "Black Crook," the spectacular beauties of the "Veteran," the comicalities of "Humpty Dumpty," the glimpses of society life as displayed in "Divorce," or the protean entertainments of our variety halls.

ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, Thursday, Feb. 22d, *matinees* are announced at the following places of amusement:—Grand Opera House, Booth's, Wood's Museum, Union Square Theatre, Bryant's Minstrels, Olympic, Niblo's Garden, New York Circus, St. James Bowery, Tony Pastor's and Theatre Comique.

CHARLES SANTLEY, the noted English baritone, made his first appearance in opera in America on the night of Feb. 12th, 1872, at the Academy of Music, in Herold's French opera of "Zampa," by the Parepa-Rosa English Opera Troupe, it being performed in English, with the following cast:—Zampa, Charles Santley; Camilla, Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt; Rita, Mrs. Zelda Segum; the Statue, Mrs. Aynsley Cook; Alphonso Monza, Tom Karl; Bruno Carpani, Aynsley Cook; Dandolo, T. Wrighe; a Pirate, Mr. Kinrose. The Academy was crowded, and the house presented a brilliant appearance. The opera of "Zampa" is not only Herold's best work, but one of the most attractive of the French operas, and contains not only several charming *arias* but excellent concerted music and attractive instrumentation. The plot is simple, and briefly described, is as follows:—Alphonse, a Sicilian officer, and Camilla are betrothed, and are about to be married, when the bride's father is captured by the Corsair Zampa; as a ransom he claims the hand of Camilla, and he and his band of freebooters occupy the bride's castle and have a carouse there. While under the influence of wine, Zampa, on being shown a statue, discovers it to be that of a lady he had betrayed. By way of bravado, he places the wedding ring on the hand of the statue, and, on attempting to remove it, is astounded to see the figure clasp her hand to her breast. Affrighted, he starts back, and the scene closes. He still continues his efforts to marry Camilla, but eventually is thwarted by Alphonse, and finally is taken possession of by the statue bride and removed for eternal punishment. In this respect the opera resembles that of "Don Giovanni." The *role* of Zampa is one which apparently suits either a baritone or a tenor, the range of its vocal requirements extending from double E as high as E flat. "Zampa" has been called the opera of one role and an overture; Mr. Santley has made the former noteworthy, and the latter is a favorite in every concert room. This opera was presented in London in 1856, with Tamberlik as Zampa, and Parepa as Camilla. In 1870 it was produced in English, and Mr. Santley's singing in the title *role* made it a success. The music was transposed for Mr. Santley, whose upper register seldom exceeds G. On the occasion of his first appearance, on Monday night, he rendered the music with all the grace of expression and power and purity of tone which characterizes him and fully realized the expectations of his concert admirers. Every note was made to tell and every word uttered with distinctness, a rare quality in English opera singers. The principal scenes of the opera were given with telling effect, enthusiastic *encores* being elicited. The drinking song brought down the house, and his impassioned earnestness in the *scena* with Camilla in the second act was specially commendable. Indeed, dramatically as well as musically, did he gratify his audience at exhibiting such a delightful absence of the customary absurd mannerisms, so that his performances presented a quite an agreeable novelty. As an actor Mr. Santley is careful and intelligent, and undemonstrative alm

ably good. The part of the artless Dora is well suited to the lady, who relies more upon her pretty appearance, graceful and winning ways and clear reading than any overt power as an actress. Some years ago, before her marriage, one were to say popular member of Lewis Baker's dramatic company, at the National, was probably not remembered here by many. The few other characters of the drama were in excellent hands. As Farmer Allan Mr. Macauley gave one of the most faithful pieces of character acting ever seen in the theatre. E. Riseneil's William Allan was well enacted; and the same may well be bestowed on the Luke Bloomgrass of J. A. Whiting, Jem Hoand of W. T. Johnson, and Mary Morrison of Mary Davenport. To-night, a version of 'East Lynne,' by C. W. Taylore, entitled 'Expiation,' is to be given, with Mrs. Chanfrau as Lady Isabel and Fernande Merton. 'Dora' will be repeated to-morrow for the *matinee*, and 'Expiation' in the evening. Mrs. Chanfrau remains another week, producing a new play 'Baffled,' and on the 29th Olive Logan and Bronson Howard open in 'Across the Continent.'.....Jakway Allen, supported by his own company, opened a Schneider season at Mozart Hall on Monday, and concluded it last evening. A matinee was attempted on Wednesday, but there were so few present that the doors were closed. The cast embraced Mr. Allen as Old and Young Schneider, Lottie Mac as Young Jacob, Alice Harrison as Lowise, and a troupe embracing George H. Mason, Geo. Mitchell, Sidney France, Edwin Chapman, Master Harry Stevens, Little Jessie and others. The freaks of Little Mac, and the songs, dances and imitations of Allen and Miss Harrison were received with the greatest enthusiasm. Several of the leading characters were well rendered. The play itself is bad—about as bad as the average sensational plays, and somewhat strangely has not been patronized as most of the sensational trash has been."

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., owing to the temporary raising of the snow blockade upon the Pacific R. R., we are in receipt of the following news from our correspondent, dated Jan. 19th:—"The 'Red Pocket Book,' an adaptation from the French of M. M. Foursier and Mayer by Messrs. Foard and Sears, of this city, was first performed on Jan. 15th. At the time Charles Reade gave 'Foul Play' to the reading world it was charged that the novel was a plagiarism of the French play. Detractors were inexpressively happy to point out the story of crime, and circumstantial conviction, of shipwreck in mid-ocean and the stranding of the survivors on a deserted shore very identical. Allowing this to be true, similarity ceases afterward, for in the novel the life and characters depicted, the crispness and noon day brightness of treatment are characteristically original. The 'Red Pocket Book' is picturesque but watery, and brims with a large quantity of commonplace language and weak sentiment. It is in a prologue and five acts, treating French life at the time of 1714. The characters were cast as follows:—Maurice, R. T. Stetson; M. de Folbert, J. H. Hardie; Capt. Kerreguen, John Woodward; Durome, Harry Colton; Faustus, Geo. Hinckley; Marcel, W. Simms; Garnier, J. H. McCable; Major Domo, W. Mathews; Helene, Henrietta Osborne; Mme. de Laundy, Mrs. Frank Rea; Jacquelin, Fanny Young; Mlle Duthe, Susie Konig; Deborah, Fanny Hawks and Mlle Duftene, Maggie Moore. The plot may be briefly told:—

Maurice, in needy want, sells Durome, a banker, his family jewels for thirty thousand francs. The money is paid and Durome leaves his cloak across a chair in the ante-room of his chateau, which is the scene of dancing and festivity. In the cloak is a red pocket-book, which contains a forged letter signed by M. de Folbert. The coincidentally enters to present to remove the proof of his criminality. He is surprised by Durome with the pocket-book in hand. A struggle takes place, and as a mask falls from De Folbert's face, which reveals his identity, he stabs the banker to the heart, flies, carrying away the red pocket-book and the jewels. Circumstantial evidence convicts Maurice of the murder, which places him in the gallies. The scene changes to the deck of a frigate on the high seas. Helene, daughter of Durome, and ward of De Folbert, seeks redress for a young man in Paris, whose name and residence are unknown to her. A wrecked fellow, worn out with fatigue and exposure, is rescued from a drifting skiff, and he proves to be Maurice, the object of the girl's affection. Maurice as Corporal on an escaped felon, from a brand stamped on his back, and the captain orders him under guard. The frigate soon after takes fire, the crew seek the boats, and Helene is rescued in a place from his bonds and the water on a raft. The lovers are next discovered on the coast of tropical Africa. The crew of the frigate in search of water, find the pair; the captain takes charge of his daughter and tells Maurice should he return to France he will be pardoned in the galleys, and advises him to join a caravan wending its way over the desert. But, infatuated with love, the young man follows Helene in direct opposition to her father's command, and he is shot down for his presumption by a native. The report is at Paris, Helene, assured that Maurice is dead, is induced into a promise that she will marry M. de Folbert. Maurice turns up at the wedding, recognizes the jewels about Helene's neck—the locket of M. de Folbert—and charges the latter to his face, and proves this by the family motto "Heaven alone will save us," which is reached by a spring. Unable to give a clear account about the jewels, De Folbert is arrested for the murder of Durome, and, all impediment to happiness thus removed, the lovers are united.

The acting is of secondary interest to the scenery, which is all new and attractive. The representation of the frigate enclosed by sea and sky was something entirely original; the vessel pitched with a motion approximating reality, while its destruction by fire, the falling of the masts and its disappearance beneath the waves were managed with startling effect. This realism has been patented by Geo. Hinckley, who claims the invention of the mechanism that produces the motion of the vessel and that which sinks it beneath the stage. A ball-room scene, illuminated by golden chandeliers burning two hundred and fifty lights, was a picture of unusual brilliance. A scene representing the gardens of the Chateau by moonlight was quite picturesque, and the panorama of a caravan moving on the desert reached a powerful climax in the appearance of a camel on the stage. The acting, as before intimated, was not striking. An improvement in the performance would have been gained had Maurice, the central figure in the drama, been entrusted to Mr. Hardie. The mounting of the piece is well appreciated however, and it doubtless will be good for a two or three weeks' run.....At the California Theatre, 'Rouge et Noir,' one of Boucicault's clever cribbings from the French, has been on the boards all the week. It was splendidly mounted, and in parts was acted with spirit. It is a first-class type of the old melo-drama, warm in atmosphere, emotional at times even tender, but more frequently awful, full of mystery and saturated with a tragic gloom. It traces out a melancholy life for over twenty years of a man who in his youth is sadly infatuated with the gaming table, sacrificing friends, honor, and, by his excesses, brings a mother to a premature grave in his insane delusion. It shows how blessed with an infamous girl's love, he drags her and family down to misery, unhappy poverty, and how a waif of a son went into the world, made money, returned home in after years, and was met unrecognized by this same man, his father, who struggles bitterly in his heart to drown the impulse of murdering him for money, watch in his pitiful starvation intoxicates all his other senses. This father, whose life is so chequered with an experience which conveys its own moral, is M. d'Arbel, and the part was played excellently well by Mr. McCullough. In the scene with young d'Arbel, which is full of mixed emotions, he rose fully adequate to express the deep significance of the situation. The support on the whole was good, but the actors whose performances most contributed to the success of the representation were Sefferds, Mestayer, Buckley, Thayer, Franks, Sophie Edwards, Miss Howard. On the 18th the theatre was attended by Prince Iwarkura, Prime Minister of Japan and Royal Embassy, between whom and the play the attention of a brilliant audience was divided. The Damios seemed wrapt in the play, and watched the act of the actors with close observance. On the 22d, 'Constance of a Poor Young Man' will be produced for the first time at this theatre. On the 29th Charles Wheatleigh will make his appearance with a batch of new plays, including 'John Darth,' 'Divorce,' and 'Horizon,'.....Mr. T. E. Jackson and Miss Josie Langley, of the Boston Theatre, arrived overland, 17th, under engagement to play at the Metropolitan in the stock company."

THE CHAPMAN SISTERS made their first appearance at the Seventh Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 12th inst., opening in "Cheapside," and the burlesque of "Little Don Giovanni." Possessed of pleasing features and graceful action, they made a favorable impression. In the burlesque of "Little Don Giovanni," Miss Blanche Chapman, in the title *role*, and Miss Ella Chapman, as Leporello, well sustained the interest of their respective parts, acting and dancing with much spirit, and affording frequent proof of their musical ability. Mr. E. E. Locke enacted the part of Zerlina with considerable humor, and Miss Emily Christian lent able assistance by the clever and vivacious manner in which she impersonated Donna Anna. On the 16th inst., the occasion of the benefit of the Chapman Sisters, the burlesque of "Aladdin" and "Nan, the Good for Nothing" were produced, and repeated on the following evening. A good house was present on the occasion of the first appearance of the Chapman Sisters, but business fell off afterwards, being only moderate during the week ending the 17th inst. Mr. A. R. Phelps is now the stage manager of this theatre, taking the position lately vacant by Mr. Craig. During the week ending the 24th inst., the Chapman Sisters will appear in "Fra Diavolo," "True Pluto" and "Sarah's Young Man."

AT THE WALNUT STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, Mr. Brougham's drama of "John Garth," with Mr. John E. McDonough in the title *role*, received its last representations on the evenings of the 12th, 13th and 14th inst., and at the *matinee* on the 17th. Boucicault's romantic drama of "Arrah-na-Pogue" was produced on the 15th inst., and played to fair business during the balance of the week, with the addition of the drama of the "Wreck Ashore" on the evening of the 17th inst., the last of Mr. McDonough's engagement. The cast of "Arrah-na-Pogue" was well sustained, Mr. John E. McDonough as Shaun the Post, Mr. Louis Morrison as Beamish McCool, and Mrs. Charles Walcot as Fanny Power, being excellent in their respective impersonations. On the 19th inst. the stock company will appear in "Divorce," which was withdrawn at this establishment in the height of its popularity last November on account of the engagement of Miss Lucille Western. Mrs. D. P. Bowers will commence a one week's engagement on the 26th inst., and on the 8th of March next Andrew Halliday's drama of "Notre Dame; or, the Gipsy Girl of Paris," will be produced at his establishment.

AT COL. WOOD'S MUSEUM, Philadelphia, the programme for the week ending the 17th inst., consisted of the farce of "Nan the Good for Nothing;" the interlude of "The Dutchman's Troubles," and the comic drama of "The Irish Emigrant" at the afternoon performances, with the substitution of the fairy play of "Cinderella" with the afternoon performances on Saturday. Miss Clara Dorr the last named piece in the evenings. Miss Clara Dorr were rated a very good impersonation of Nan in the farce of "Nan, the Good for Nothing," and Charles A. Gardner received considerable merriment by his ludicrous acting and well-assumed perplexity in his specialty of "The Dutchman's Troubles." Miss Annie Adams, vocalist, closed her engagement suddenly at this establishment on the 13th inst., when she sung for the last time there, having violated her agreement by singing without the permission of the management of the Museum, at Pete's Theatre on the same evening. On the 15th inst., Robert Fraser, the well known pantomimist, commenced an engagement at this establishment, producing his new pantomime of "Topsy Turvey Harlequin Wee Willie Winkie" for the first time.

"ACROSS THE CONTINENT" received its last representation at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 17th inst., having attracted good houses during its run of two weeks. On the 19th inst., "Ours" will be revived, with Mrs. John Drew and the stock company in the cast. Mr. Leopold Lewis' drama "The Bells," which is now being played at the Lyceum Theatre, London, is underlined and will be produced on the 26th inst.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY of the institution of Philadelphia Lodge of Elks will be celebrated by a grand banquet at Foyle's, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 12th of March next. Mr. Joseph M. Mortimer, the chairman of the committee of arrangements, is untiring in his efforts to render this an occasion of a decided success, and his energy and tact will doubtless make this occasion one long to be remembered.

FROM ALBANY, N. Y., our correspondent, writing on Feb. 17th, states:—"At the Trimble Opera House Di-Verose was acted during the past week. On the 19th Miss Ada Gray commences an engagement, acting in Mr. Northen's new drama, entitled 'Leoni.' On the 26th the 'Black Creek' is to be produced. Miss Lelia Ellis, the *soubrette* of the theatre, closed her engagement on the 17th, and is to be succeeded by Miss Emma Pierce.....At the Capitol Theatre, James M. Ward acted during the week in 'Through by Daylight.' The attraction for the week commencing the 19th, is to be the pantomime entitled 'Jack and the Beanstalk.'"

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, La., Miss Fanny Davenport is to commence an engagement at the Varieties Theatre this evening, Feb. 19th.....Lotta closed at the St. Charles Theatre on Feb. 17th.....The Lydia Thompson troupe closed at the Academy of Music on Feb 17th.

"DIVORCE" was produced at Wieting Opera House, Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 12th, 14th, and 15th, by an excellent company under the management of Messrs. Parkes and Wilton. Our correspondent, writing under date of Feb. 17th, remarks:—"There was a large and appreciative audience present each evening, who seemed delighted with the play. The wardrobes were elegant and the stage was perfectly furnished even to the minutest details, which is a decided rarity and a positive treat in provincial theatres. Mrs. Sol Smith, as the meddlesome match-making mother, gave a splendid rendition of the character, her changes of dress being characterized by their elegant taste and her acting was capital. Miss May Robinson as Lu Tee Eyck, gave a fine picture of the giddy, flaxie, capricious girl of society, yet possessing a good heart beneath all her faults. Miss Ida Vernon as Fanny Tee Eyck, afterwards Mrs. Alfred Aldrich, in her rendering of the pathetic parts, was very effective, often bringing tears to the eyes of the auditors. Miss Maud Earnest as Grace, was charming. Miss Cassie Tror as Mrs. Kemp also did finely, and Miss Hattie O'Neil as Molly the Nurse, succeeded in bringing down the house with her prompt and witty *repartee*. Mr. J. P. Wheelock, as Alfred Adrriance, was admirable, being clear and distinct in his enunciation, and his acting was always dignified and manly. H. O. Porter, as Captain Lynde, was easy, graceful, and well dressed, giving an excellent portrait of the "cheeky," meddlesome Buissance of our best society. Mr. T. Stockly, as the Rev. Harry Duncan, seemed to have bestowed a considerable study on the part, and represented the awkward, unsophisticated countryman to the life. Sam. Evan, as Templeton Jitt, was immense, keeping the house in roars of laughter. George Farres, as Burritt, the detective, and Mr. W. R. Seymour, as Jim, was also very good.....Geo. Clarke, with John Jack and Annie Firman in the leading roles, is announced to be performed at Wieting Opera House Feb. 21st and 22d."

ROBERT MCWADE was announced for the past week at Toronto, Ont., but his appearance has been postponed until Feb. 19th, when he will open in "Rip Van Winkle." Our correspondent, writing on Feb. 16th, reports as follows:—"In his stead the opera troupe have appeared during the week. Monday evening the bill consisted of 'Bellanella,' Tuesday evening 'The Enchantress' had been announced, but in consequence of the illness of Mr. Geo. Burton, who was to have appeared as Ramir, it had to be taken off the bills; 'La Somnambula' was performed instead, with the Misses Holman in the leading *roles*; Wednesday the bill consisted of the opera of 'Doctor of Alcantara,' Miss Sallie Holman appearing as Carlos, to which *role* she did full justice, both in her singing and acting of it. The same may be said of Julia Holman as Inez. As Dr. Farnacelus, Alfred D. Holman appeared to excellent advantage. Don Pomposo, by H. C. Peakes, was all that could be desired. As Senor Balthazar, Wm. Davidge, Jr., had ample scope to display his comic abilities, of which it as need'ess to say he took all advantage. Donna Lucretia and Isabella, by Maggie Harold and Blanche Bradshaw, were rendered in an unexceptional manner. The small parts of Peres and Sancho were made the most of by Messrs. Miers and Bellew respectively. The performances concluded with the drama of 'Black-Eyed Susan,' with Allan Halford and the Misses Holman in the leading *roles*. Thursday evening, that excellent actor and popular favorite, Mr. J. R. Spackman, took his annual benefit. There was an immense house present, the theatre being crowded. The bill consisted of the three-act drama, 'Guy Mannering,' in which the benefit was appropriated as Dominie Sampson, and enacted that *role* in a manner deserving of the highest praise. The other principal *roles* of Miss Bertram, by Sallie Holman; Flora, Julia Holman; Julia Mannering, Blanche Bradshaw; Meg Merrilies, by Florence Webster; and Dandie Dinmont Col. Mannering, and Sallie Mackelthroft, by Messrs. Halford, Sullivan and Davidge, were all rendered in an excellent manner. The evening's entertainment was brought to a close with the comic pantomime entitled 'the Boy Boy,' Mr. Spackman appearing as the Fat Boy; Geo. H. Barton as a French dancing master, and Mrs. Davidge, jr., as the schoolmaster, Dr. Birch. Friday evening, the 'Grand Duchess,' with the Misses Holman in the leading *roles*, was performed, and on Saturday, 'Nobody's Daughter' was acted."

THE WALLACK SISTERS, Jennie, Maud and Minnie, are billed to play in Springfield, Ill., Jan. 21st, 22d and 23d; Bloomington, 24th, 26th and 27th; Jeffersonville, 28th, 29th and March 1st; Pekin, 2d and 4th; Peoria, 5th, 6th and 7th; Ottawa, 9th and 11th; Rockville, 13th, 14th and 15th, and at the Globe Theatre, Chicago, Ill., for one week, commencing the 18th.

GEORGE K. FORTESCUE, of the Wallace Sisters dramatic company, has been lying dangerously ill at Danville, Ill., during the past three weeks. Mrs. Fortescue—Viola Plunkett—and Mrs. Gratian are with him, through the kindness of Mr. Waller, of the Griswold Opera House, Troy, and Mr. Reamer, of the Fifth Avenue Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., the respective managers with whom they are engaged.

BIDWELL AND WILKINSON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed at Portsmouth, N. H., Feb. 15th, 16th and 17th, and is billed ahead as follows:—Exeter, N. H., 19th, 20th and 21st; and Dunbville, Mass., 22d, 23d and 24th.

WILLIAM HORACE LINGARD, with Miss Alice Dunning and a company of his own, was the attraction at the National Theatre in Washington, D. C., during the past week, concerning which our correspondent writes as follows, under date of Feb. 17th:—"The opening bill on Feb. 12th was 'A Wonderful Woman' and 'A Marriage at Any Price.' Tuesday, 'David Garrick' was presented; Wednesday, 'Wife to the Knife' and 'Little Teddlekins,' and on Thursday, 'Naval Engagements' and 'Day After the Wedding.' Frou-Frou' was announced for the benefit of Mr. Lingard on Friday, but owing to the indisposition of Miss Dunning, 'Daisy Farm' was substituted in its place. At the *matinee* on Saturday, 'A Wonderful Woman' was repeated, and in the evening 'Still Waters Run Deep' and 'Little Teddlekins.' At each performance Mr. Lingard appeared in his usual sketches, many new ones having been added to his *repertoire* since his last visit here. Among the new ones, decidedly the most amusing is 'The Poor little Orphan,' in which his dancing and appearance are both inexpressibly funny. The dressing of Miss Dunning was simply magnificent. Dickie Lingard was as delightfully saucy and *insouciant* as of old, and Mrs. Pyne Galton was excellent and reliable. The remainder of the company were as follows:—Miss Frank Evans, S. K. Chanter, John Mathews, A. Glassford, B. Dunning, J. H. Wickham and the Misses Blanche Galton and Nelly Lorraine. The business during the week averaged very fair. On Feb. 19th Mr. E. A. Sothern is to commence an engagement of one week, opening in Lord Dundreary in 'Our American Cousin,' supported by the charming May Saville as Georgiana, and H. S. Murdoch as Asa Trenchard. Nearly every seat in the orchestra is already secured for the entire week.....Mrs. Spaulding, the wife of Mr. W. E. Spaulding, late manager of the National Theatre, died on the 14th inst. Her kindness and charity to all those who were in trouble and misfortune will long be forgotten by the members of the theatrical profession."

AT THE HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., the California local play, "Ready When Wanted," was brought out on Feb. 12th. Our correspondent, writing on Feb. 17th, says:—"It is called a play, but why we really can't imagine, unless it is that this strange mixture of a variety show and a panoramic drama is divided into four acts. The plot is certainly the flimsiest apology for one that ever came under our personal notice. The language is commonplace and draggy, and the situations—well, there are none at all worth speaking of. It was magnificently mounted, the scene of the Vernal Fall, Yosemite, being particulary fine. The scenery, songs and dances, hits at local and current topics, and spread-eagle oratory, were the features and attractions of the piece, which, with all its egregious follys, was received with vociferous applause. The part of Capt. Lee Sharphold, the detective, always ready when wanted, was satisfactorily assumed by C. B. Bishop, although it was decidedly out of his usual line, which is broad low comedy. The gods, not knowing where the laugh came in, often hawhawed when he meant to be very pathetic and awe-inspiring. P. A. Anderson as Archibald Brodhead, a typical western business man, played naturally and well. E. Dalton as Harry Hargrave, the smooth, heavy villain, presented an able piece of acting; his costume might have been more *recherche*, however. Harry Hudson as the Honorable Philip Paget, was only fair. G. Howard as Scroggins, C. Stedman as Charles Belton, G. O. Norris as Sandy Bill, and C. Rogers as Mr. Vaughn, were good. Mrs. Fred. Williams as Susan Sharphold, lacked very much in the requisites for the character, and consequently was greatly to a fine house. The family notify managers, through their advertisement in another column, that their time is now filled by engagements in the states and Canada till their departure for England in the fall.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., advertise that they are prepared to furnish circus and dramatic managers with artists. They want vocalists, dancers, a ring-master and equestrians.

EDWIN FORREST was announced to open at the Opera House, Detroit, Mich., Feb. 12th, but owing to the non-arrival of the company's baggage there was no performance until Tuesday, when "Richelieu" was produced with Forrest in the title *role*. Our correspondent, writing on Feb. 16th, states that:—"His support was fair. James O'Neill, who is a fine actor, enacted De Mauprat admirably. On Wednesday, 'Virginius' was acted; the star being supported by the same company, with the addition of Miss Effie E. Elsler as Virginia, who won the plaudits of the large audience by her careful and pains-taking acting. James O'Neill as Icilius gave us another fine portraiture of that character. 'Hamlet' was performed Thursday night before the largest house of the season, the box-office having closed the sale of reserved seats at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Effie E. Elsler as Ophelia was only fair until the mad-scene "when she warmed up to the part and was excellent."

FROM CHICAGO, ILL., our correspondent, writing under date of Feb. 16th, sends the following report:—"Business at the Academy of Music continues excellent, with no prospect of a decline, for the present, at least. The two weeks engagement of Lucille Western terminates with the close of the current week, having been one of the most successful, in a financial point of view, that she has ever played in this city. 'Leah, the Forsaken,' was presented on Monday evening and repeated on each succeeding evening, with the exception of Saturday, when Miss Western's portrayal of 'Richelieu,' for the first time in this city on a former occasion. The remaining performances will be as follows:—Tuesday, 'Virginius;' Wednesday, not definitely determined upon; Thursday, 'King Lear;' Friday, 'Hamlet.'" Mr. Forrest's engagement extends but five nights."

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY closed a six nights' successful engagement at Allen's Opera House, Fort Edward, N. Y., on Feb. 14th. The pieces during the week were "Orphan of Geneva," "Othello," "Pizarro," "Merchant of Venice," "Lost in London" and "Richard III," supplemented each evening by a roaring farce and singing by the accomplished vocalist, Mr. Harry Townsend. The several characters in the pieces were efficiently rendered, and received with favor by large audiences. The company opened at Harper Opera House, Sandy Hill, N. Y., on Feb. 16th, for a brief season,

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